

The Sketch

No. 730.—Vol. LVII.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1907.

SIXPENCE.



BARON VON ERNSTHAUSEN.

YET ANOTHER STAGE ROMANCE: MISS DENISE ORME AND HER FIANCÉ, BARON OSCAR ERNST VON ERNSTHAUSEN.

The engagement of Miss Denise Orme, the popular young actress and vocalist—who made her début as one of the Little Michus, and is now appearing as Illyrine in "The Merveilleuses"—to Baron Oscar von Ernsthause is announced. The Baron is German by birth, but is a naturalised Englishman. One of his hobbies is music; and he himself is an accomplished musician. He is thirty-two years of age, and is on the Stock Exchange. It is not yet certain whether Miss Orme's marriage will cause her to leave the stage. The wedding will probably take place in about three months.

Photograph of Miss Orme by Bassano; that of Baron Oscar von Ernsthause by Histed.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"



All the Jolly Fun.

Westbourne-on-Sea. Listless and dispirited, I had been wandering up and down the deserted pier for nearly an hour. I had weighed myself five times, each time on a different machine, and made the disconcerting discovery that my weight varied by pounds with every breeze that blew. I had dropped pennies, with a clank that echoed far and wide, into the automatic pistol, only to realise that there was no pleasure in scoring a bull unless somebody else had previously tried to do it and failed. I had endeavoured to lure the dear lady whose lot it is to stand behind the neglected refreshment-bar into conversation. She agreed with me, monosyllabically, that Westbourne-on-Sea was not very full just now; that the weather was wonderful for the time of year; that it was not much fun being a barmaid when you had no customers; that sometimes barmaids were sadly overworked; that they were always sadly underpaid. The last remark brought a flicker of interest to her eyes, and I lingered in the hope that she would, of her own initiative, contribute a morsel to the dialogue. The hope was vain. She fumbled for a duster, and began, mechanically enough, to wipe the speckless counter. I wished her a very good day, and retired to the pier-head to commune with nature.

As luck would have it, she was there in person.

Dame Nature is Rude.

Elbows on knees, chin in hands, she gazed seawards.

"You!" I cried delightedly.

"Don't interrupt!" she commanded, without even taking the trouble to turn her head.

"Interrupt what? You're not doing anything."

"That's why I don't want to be interrupted. I'm drifting, free-wheeling, chewing the cud—which you will. Dry up and do the same."

"But I've been doing that all the week. I'm sick of it. I want to talk. I want to argue. I want to have a glorious old row with somebody."

"Time you returned to town, then. Come to that, what in the world are you doing here at all?"

"Sea air," I reminded her, "is so healthy."

"Yes, but this isn't the only place where they sell sea air. This is a place for placid, respectable folk, who live by the book, speak gently, please their neighbours, and get their thinking done for them, as cheaply as possible, by the parsons and novelists."

"Respectability," I told her, "is the one thing I desire."

"Rot!" said Dame Nature.

Her Pet Boy.

"You don't believe me?" My tone was heated.

"No, and I should be very sorry if I did."

"I won't listen to you. I was brought up to believe in temperance, soberness, and chastity, and to cut those who favoured the rival place of worship."

"Temperance? Bah! Soberness? Ugh!"

"Go on," I said defiantly.

"Chastity? I'm not sure that I know what it means. Give me

a man or a woman with as much character and as many moods as the sea. Is the sea temperate and sober?" Her bowed shoulders shook with laughter.

"Very, to-day."

"To-day—yes. That's what makes him so lovable. Were you down here about a month ago? Did you see him playing pitch-and-toss with those cockle-boats on the horizon? Did you hear him laughing from his chest all through the dark night? Did you see him snatch up great handfuls of sand and pebbles, and pelt those flat-faced, ugly, respectable houses at the end of the parade? Oh, he's the broth of a boy, bless 'im! And to look at him now you'd think that, rather than ruffle his counterpane, he'd stagnate and grow weeds! Oho! My goodness!"

The Human Gardener.

"This pretty panegyric is all very well,"

I argued; "but have you taken the trouble to imagine what the world would be like if we all modelled ourselves on that old libertine, the Ocean?"

"I like your cheek!" cried the Dame. "You talk as though the few millions of human beings who happen to cumber the earth made up the entire world!"

"At any rate, you'll admit that they form a fairly important part of it."

"That's as much as I will admit. Human beings are just about as important to the world as the gardener is to the garden. Even a good gardener, mind you, is something of a blot on the view: a bad gardener is quite intolerable, and should be dealt with as he himself would deal, were he not incompetent and lazy, with a weed."

It occurred to me that we were wandering from the point.

"That," I said, with some tact, "is astonishingly true."

Dame Nature sniffed.

"But you have not yet condescended to tell me," I continued suavely, "how a man may model himself on the sea and 'scape whipping'."

"I hoped you would understand," she sighed. "I'm sleepy. I don't want to explain things to dull people like yourself."

Insipid Civilisation.

"And yet—"

"Oh, I suppose so. Take anger, then.

When the sea is angry he makes a splendid fuss about it. He storms and rages, whistles, shrieks, and roars until into all that are thereon and therein he has put the fear of death. What do you do?"

"I go for a walk."

"Exactly, you miserable, sawdust thing!"

"What do you suggest as an alternative?"

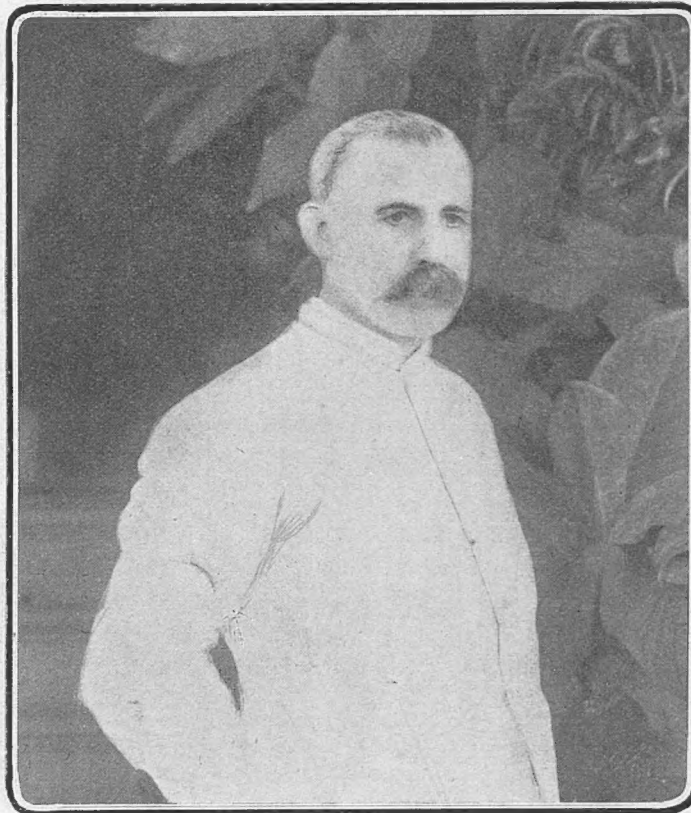
"Let folk know that you're angry, and let 'em know why!"

"Pray continue."

"When the fit of temper has passed the sea is in a loving, conciliatory mood. His hollows and his billows are smooth as satin. Such is my boy the sea when his anger has died down. What do you do?"

"I take somebody out to dinner."

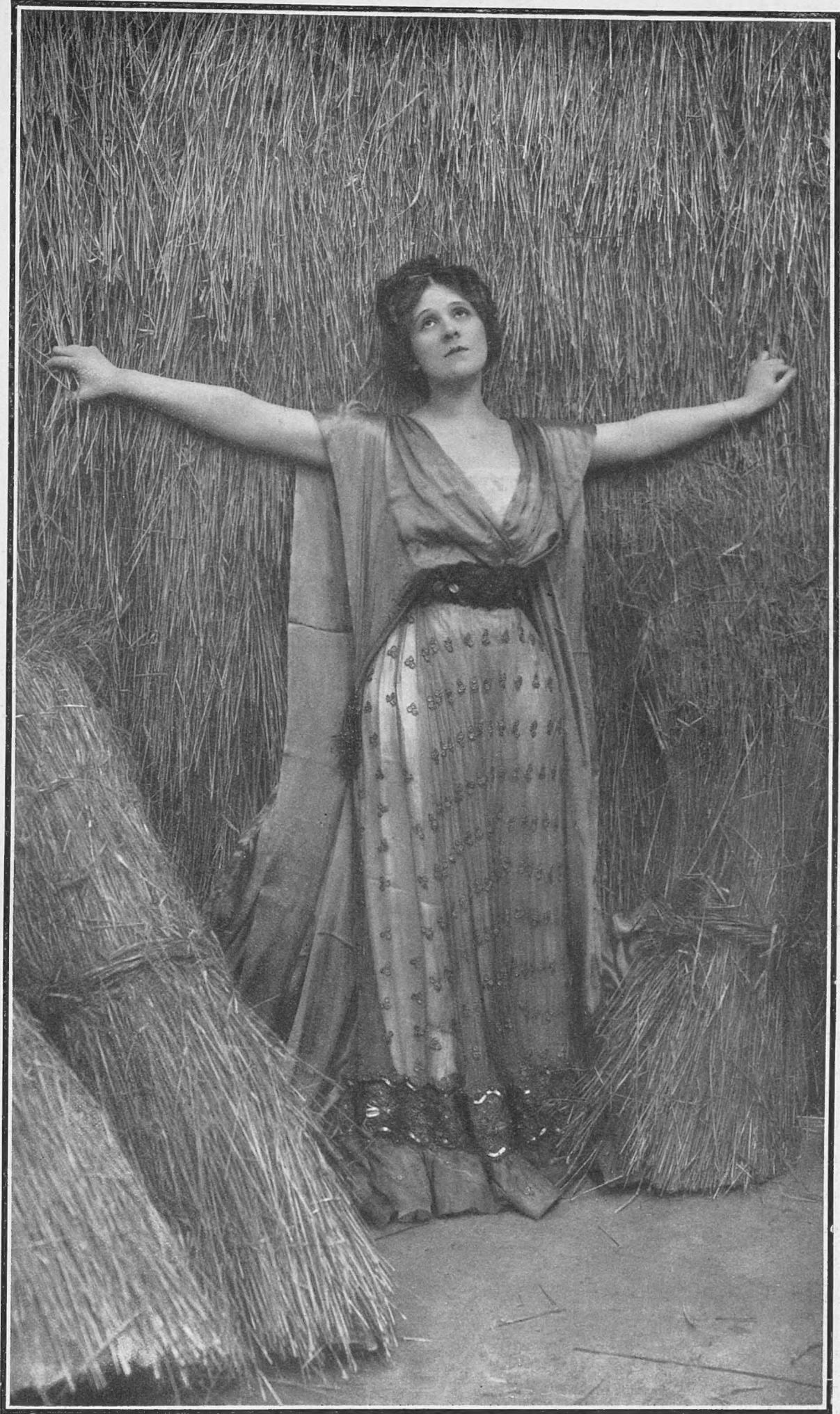
"Heavens above! He takes somebody out to dinner! Oho! The insipidity of this namby-pamby scheme that you call civilisation!"



THE REMARKABLE ANGLO-AMERICAN INCIDENT IN JAMAICA: SIR ALEXANDER SWETTENHAM, WHOSE ACTION CAUSED REAR-ADMIRAL DAVIS TO REMOVE THE AMERICAN FLEET.

Sir Alexander Swettenham, whose letter to Rear-Admiral Davis, stating that the continued presence of American sailors in Kingston was unnecessary, caused the withdrawal of the American Admiral and his fleet, was appointed Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of Jamaica in 1904. He was decorated for Colonial service.

"NELLY NEIL," AT THE ALDWYCH.



MISS EDNA MAY AS NELLY, IN THE CORNFIELD SCENE.

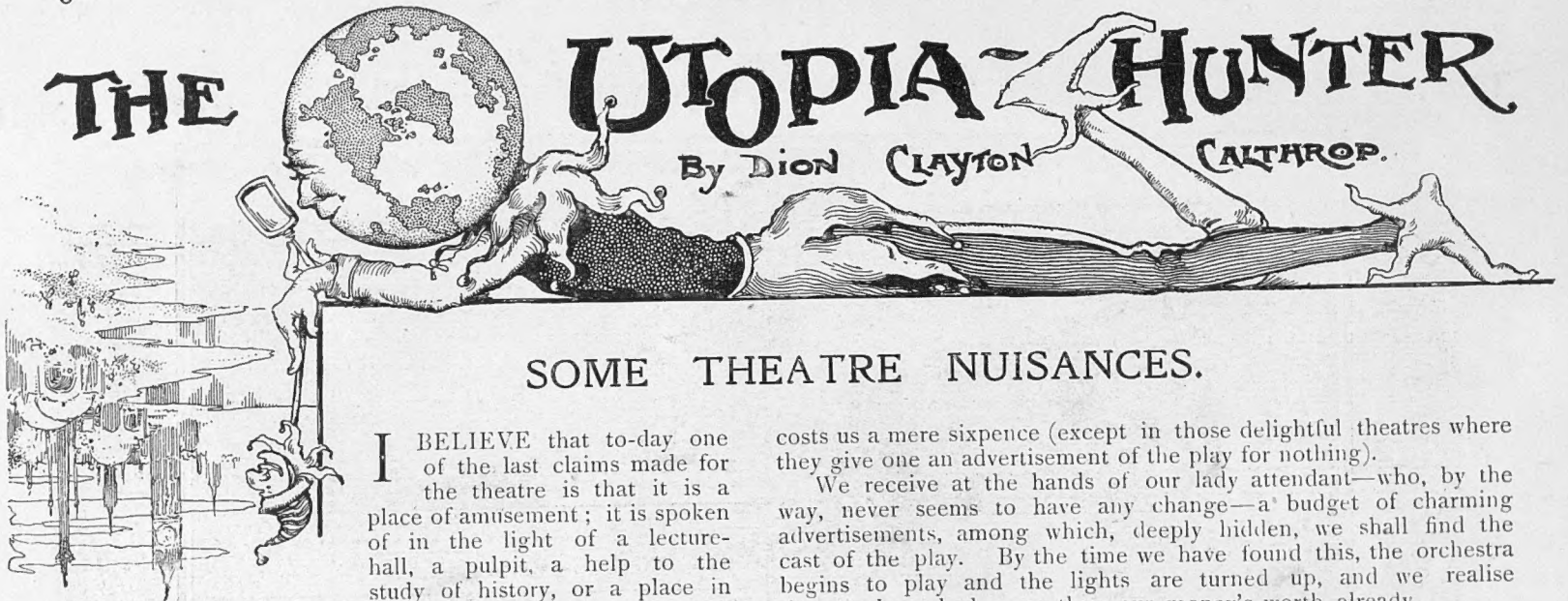
Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

THE

UTOPIA-HUNTER

By DION CLAYTON

CATHROP.



SOME THEATRE NUISANCES.

which one may weep. I take it as a place full of entertainment.

In the first place, it is rather amusing and enlivening to have to eat one's dinner with one eye on the clock. Mr. Pinero said, I think, that we ought to have high tea before going to the theatre, and I am not quite certain he was wrong. High tea would take us out of the rut of ordinary life, and prepare us, nursery fashion, for the make-believe to come.

Then one says to the servant whose pleasure it is to wait upon one: "Whistle up a cab," and immediately he or she goes and does this extraordinary acrobatic feat. No mere master of a house could ever whistle up a cab; only a trained servant possesses the secret knowledge of the anatomy, or I should say architecture, of a cab to know how to whistle up it. (This is a foolish joke; I shall not continue it.)

We then embark upon a wonderful and adventurous voyage on the high seas of London streets. The mere mad dash through the motors and the slush, the twinkling lights which are humorously supposed to illuminate our city, the breezy, almost nautical, language of our driver, all make the anticipation of the theatre one galumphous joy.

Arrived at the theatre the fun becomes fast and furious. A lady—with her hair dressed as near to the fashion of the theatre's leading lady as circumstances over which she has no control, besides having to keep an aged mother out of her week's wages, permit—takes our coat, our scarf, and our hat, rams a pin through the crown of the hat, impales a piece of paper, and gives us a number which we lose at once, then nods to a second lady, whose hair is also dressed in the leading lady's fashion, and she, taking our worthless person under her wing, shows us to our velvet stall—the whole procedure so entirely abolishing our usual absurd ideas of dignity and comfort that we again find ourselves wonderfully amused.

The next joke is one especially prepared by the management for our delectation during that five or ten minutes while the orchestra is comparing the race results in the evening papers. The joke

costs us a mere sixpence (except in those delightful theatres where they give one an advertisement of the play for nothing).

We receive at the hands of our lady attendant—who, by the way, never seems to have any change—a budget of charming advertisements, among which, deeply hidden, we shall find the cast of the play. By the time we have found this, the orchestra begins to play and the lights are turned up, and we realise that we have had more than our money's-worth already.

Then, just as we settle to the business of the play and we know, from reports, that our favourite actress is about to make her entrance, six people push past us, and so we are cut off from the atmosphere of stage unreality and brought into unpleasant contact with ordinary life. These little shocks, however, merely serve to whet the curiosity.

At varying intervals during the first act, people who wish it to be thought that they have been blown into the theatre by accident, or have seen the first act before, or do not really care for the theatre, completely block our vision of the stage, so that we are compelled to laugh at these late-comers and their ignorant self-importance.

The curtain is then lowered to enable the thoroughly chilled, or the absolutely suffocated audience (this jest depends on the theatre), to warm or cool themselves with a liquid which the bar lady insinuates is whisky-and-soda. The price of this being about seven times the ordinary charge renders the affair very laughable for the management.

Not to put too fine a point on it, the same skill in the art of irritation shown by the late comers is now—during the last act—copied by those who exhibit the fact that they must catch the suburban trains. In this way, though the actors and the audience suffer abominably, the management are certain

to secure a second visit from many members of the audience who wish to see those parts of the play which were hidden from them.

One of the delights of the evening is yet to come, the struggle for hat and coat being a pleasing way of elbowing many persons of rank who are doing the same. Again we pay for this harmless form of amusement, and so, with our coats awry and our tempers beautifully under control, we come out of the theatre, to find that we must buy the goodwill of a retired soldier if we are ever to get a cab at all.

Again the mad dash through London in the converted sedan-chair. It is quite amusing to find that the twentieth century is so completely out of date in nearly every form of convenience.



MR. TREE IS TO ACT IN BERLIN—WILL THIS BE THE RESULT?

DRAWN BY CHARLES HARRISON.

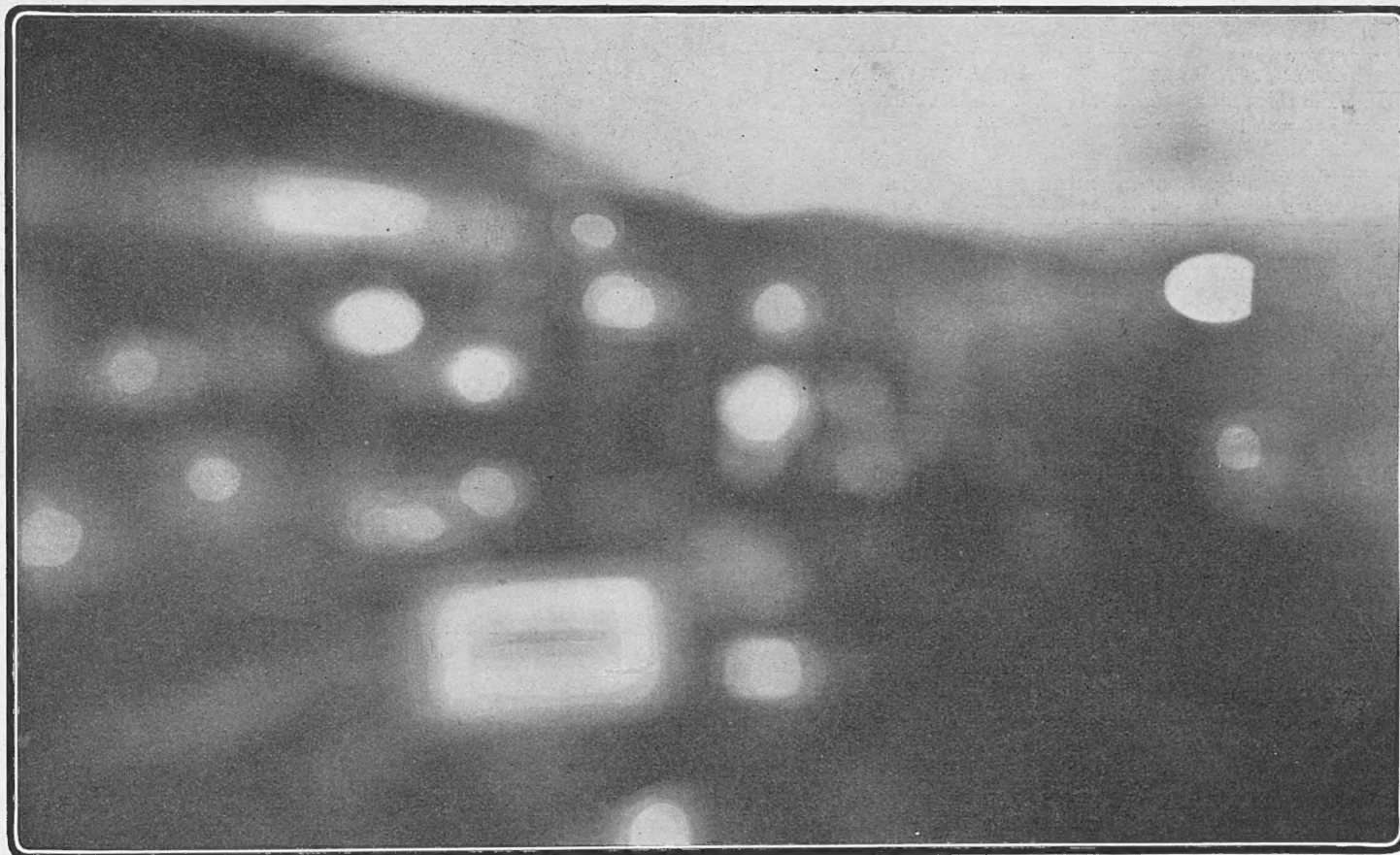
THE STRONGEST ARGUMENT IN FAVOUR OF EDALJI'S INNOCENCE.

THE YOUNG LAWYER'S SIGHT COMPARED WITH THAT OF THE MAN WITH NORMAL VISION.



AN INTERIOR AS SEEN BY A MAN WITH NORMAL VISION.

In his spirited defence of Mr. George Edalji, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has made a great point of Edalji's extreme short-sightedness. In order to give those unskilled in such matters an idea of what this means, Mr. E. B. Meyrowitz, the well-known optician of 1A, Old Bond Street, W., has prepared for us the two illustrations given. One of them, as we have indicated, shows an interior as the man with normal sight would see it. The other shows the same interior as one with Edalji's vision would see it. Both illustrations depict Mr. Meyrowitz's premises. For the purpose of taking these photographs, the sensitised plates represented the retina, while the lens (by being adapted) was made to convey to the artificial retina, in the first case, a view as seen by the normal eye, and in the second, the same view as seen by the "Edalji eye."—



THE SAME INTERIOR AS SEEN BY A MAN WITH VISION EQUALLING THAT OF EDALJI.

—Writing to the "Telegraph" the other day, the Rev. S. Edalji said: "I must also state here, as an absolutely undeniable fact, that although my son's eyes were weak and defective before his arrest and imprisonment, he never used any glasses." It is thus plain that if all Edalji could see of a shop in daylight is that shown in our second illustration, he would see practically nothing at night. In his defence, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle wrote, among other things bearing on the same point:—"Finally, he is as blind as the proverbial bat, but the bat has the advantage of finding its way in the dark, which would be very difficult for him. To find a pony in a dark field, or, indeed, to find the field itself, unless it were easily approached, would be a hard task, while to avoid a lurking watcher would be absolutely impossible."

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The Motorist's Handbook and Calendar
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TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

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No use will be made of circular matter.

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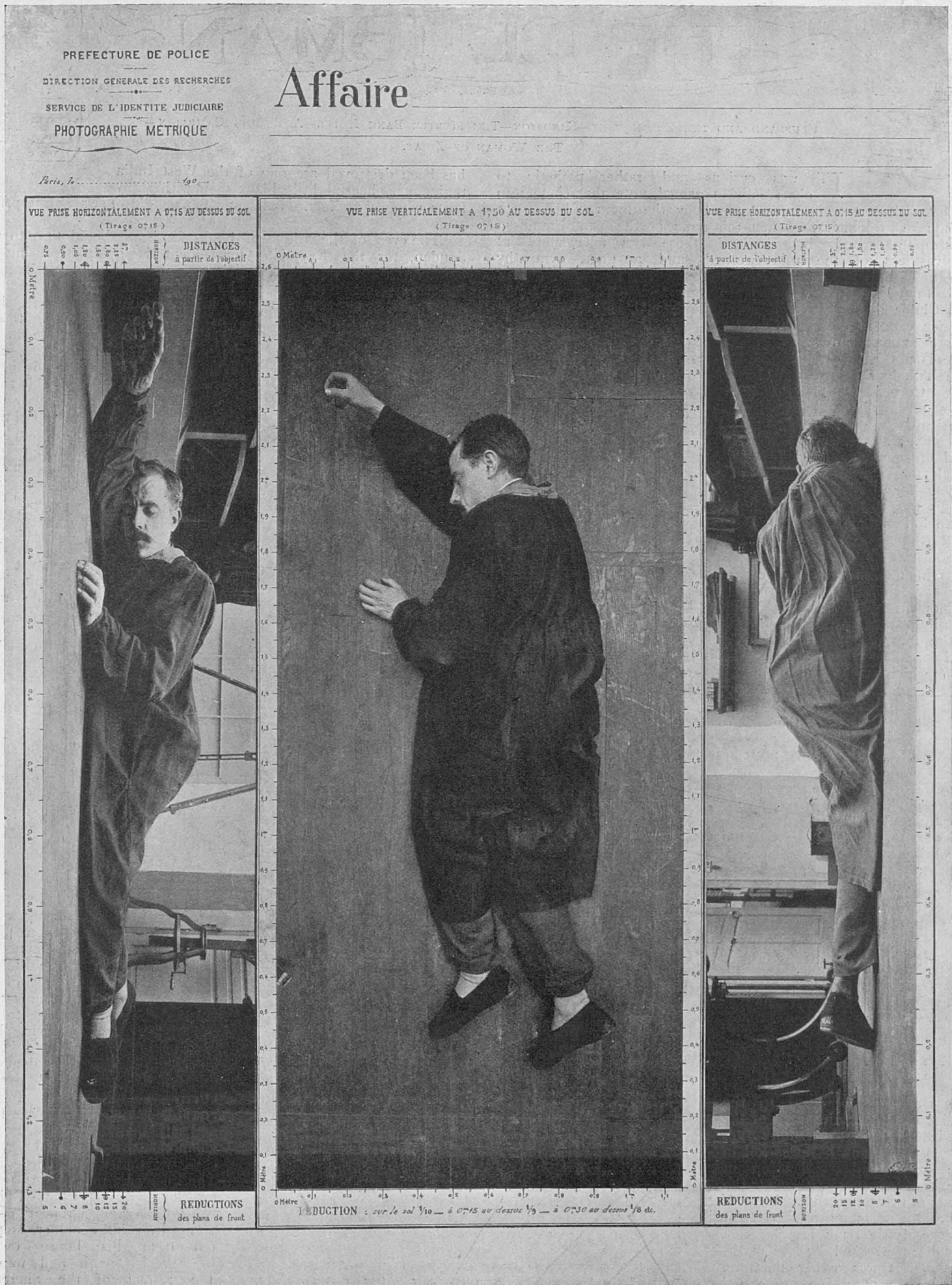
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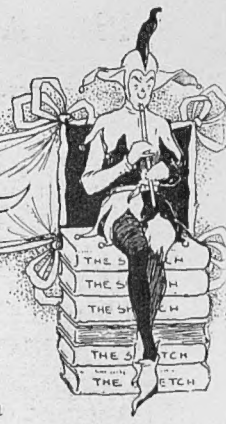
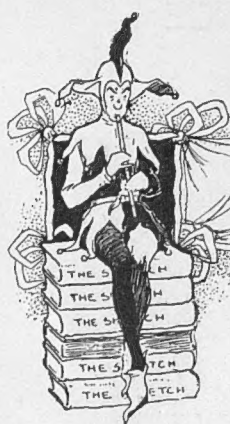
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IS AN EDALJI CASE NOW POSSIBLE IN FRANCE?
THE EXTRAORDINARILY CAREFUL METHODS OF THE FRENCH POLICE.



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THE CLUBMAN

CLUBLAND AND "THE EARTHQUAKE"—KINGSTON—THE MYRTLE BANK HOTEL—A COMING CAMPAIGN—
THE WOMAN OF ZINAT.

IT was curious and rather pathetic to observe the personal note that came into the astonishment and sorrow caused by the news of the great earthquake in Jamaica. When the news of the San Francisco catastrophe arrived in England there was amazement at the vastness of the ruin worked, and a great sympathy with a friendly country. But there were few people in San Francisco well known to the English as a body, and Clubland felt broadly sympathetic and no more. The Jamaica catastrophe is different; it is a national misfortune, and there is not a man in any club from Trafalgar Square to Hyde Park Corner who does not know personally, and count as a friend, one or another of that numerous and distinguished band of tourists who this winter sailed for Kingston. A great anxiety for the safety of individuals was the dominant feeling which followed the first news of the earthquake.

Writers grow enthusiastic over the first sight of many towns. Algiers from the sea is very beautiful, and Gibraltar, huddled at the foot of its mighty rock, is impressive, but I know no town which comes as such a surprise to a traveller as Kingston. One has grown used to the mighty grey waves of the Atlantic and to the dull monotony of ship life, and the only noticeable change in the climate has been that the bone has gone out of the wind. Suddenly one is in a hothouse land, a land of caressing warmth, where all the colours are brilliant, where the smiling negroes wear shawls and handkerchiefs of violent hues—a land of riotous vegetation and abundant flowers and fruit; and near the borders of the sea is a great bright, clean town, above which the palm-trees lift their tufts of leaves—a town of electric lights and wide streets and tramways, of broad roofs and shady verandahs.

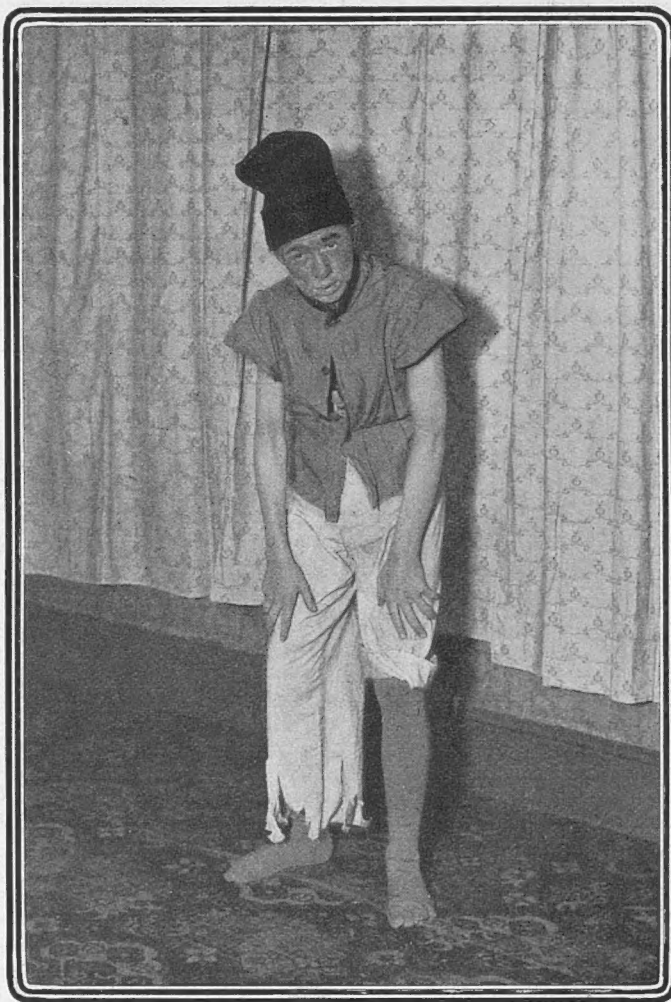
It is a land where it is always afternoon, where the people in the streets keep close to the walls to get the advantage of the shade, and where visitors not forced to do any business loll in the dark arcades and sleep in the long cane chairs through the hours of the great heats. I myself have spent many a lazy hour in the Myrtle Bank Hotel, which has been wrecked by the earthquake. It was a big building, the arcade of which ran round three sides of a square, and each of its many windows was sheltered from the sun by a hood. It was in the afternoon that the shock came and startled the dozing town. To find the ground suddenly reeling is a horrible experience when one is wide awake; to be wakened from sleep by the feeling that something awful, an unknown something, is occurring is even worse. The troops whose camp hospital

has been destroyed are one of the West India regiments, cheerful little black men with shiny faces, who wear a Zouave uniform with a delightful swaggering pride.

The eyes of the writers of books for boys should turn to the Soudan, for the Egyptian Government is going to bring to law and order the vast outlying territory where, until now, any strong man took what he could, and when he wanted arms and ammunition seized his neighbour and sold him as a slave. Egyptian troops under British officers are to go into this no-man's-land, and are to make law and order respected, and in doing this there is sure to be some very exciting and picturesque fighting. In South-Eastern Kordofan the Meks, or chiefs, each rule a mountain stronghold. The hills crop up out of the desert, and one hill, one chief, seems to be the rule of the wilderness. Before the Union Jack flew on the Upper Nile, these chiefs used to combine to fight against the Dervish armies and Zebehr's slave-hunters when they made raids into their country; but now they fight each other for the love of fighting and to get a little pocket-money by selling captives as slaves. They are as picturesque a set of scoundrels as there are in the world, and they fight well. The black regiments of the Egyptian Army are running rather short of good recruits just now, and, according to immemorial custom of the desert, the beaten side will send its best men to swell the fighting ranks of the conquerors, and Egypt will get some fine recruits.

There are many picturesque episodes in all Eastern warfare, but nothing has been more picturesque than the appearance of the brave woman before Raisuli's fortress when the troops of the Sultan advanced to the attack. A whole army moving to the attack, firing continuously, shells bursting on the plain and in the hills, and before the silent fort the figure of a veiled woman, utterly contemptuous of the cowards below, and cursing them and all their relations in the comprehensive language of her country: that was the true East. The East with the Western veneer on it appeared when Raisuli, spick-and-span, a repeating-rifle slung over his shoulder, stepped out from his house on to the turf before it and watched the retreat of the Shereefian forces through a pair of the best field-glasses that could be

bought in London. I went to a big shop in our city with a lady who wished to take out a fine pair of glasses as a present to the bandit, whom she and her husband intended to visit, and it interests me to learn to what use they were put. I fancy that I was also present at the purchase of the very beautifully finished rifle that Raisuli carries.



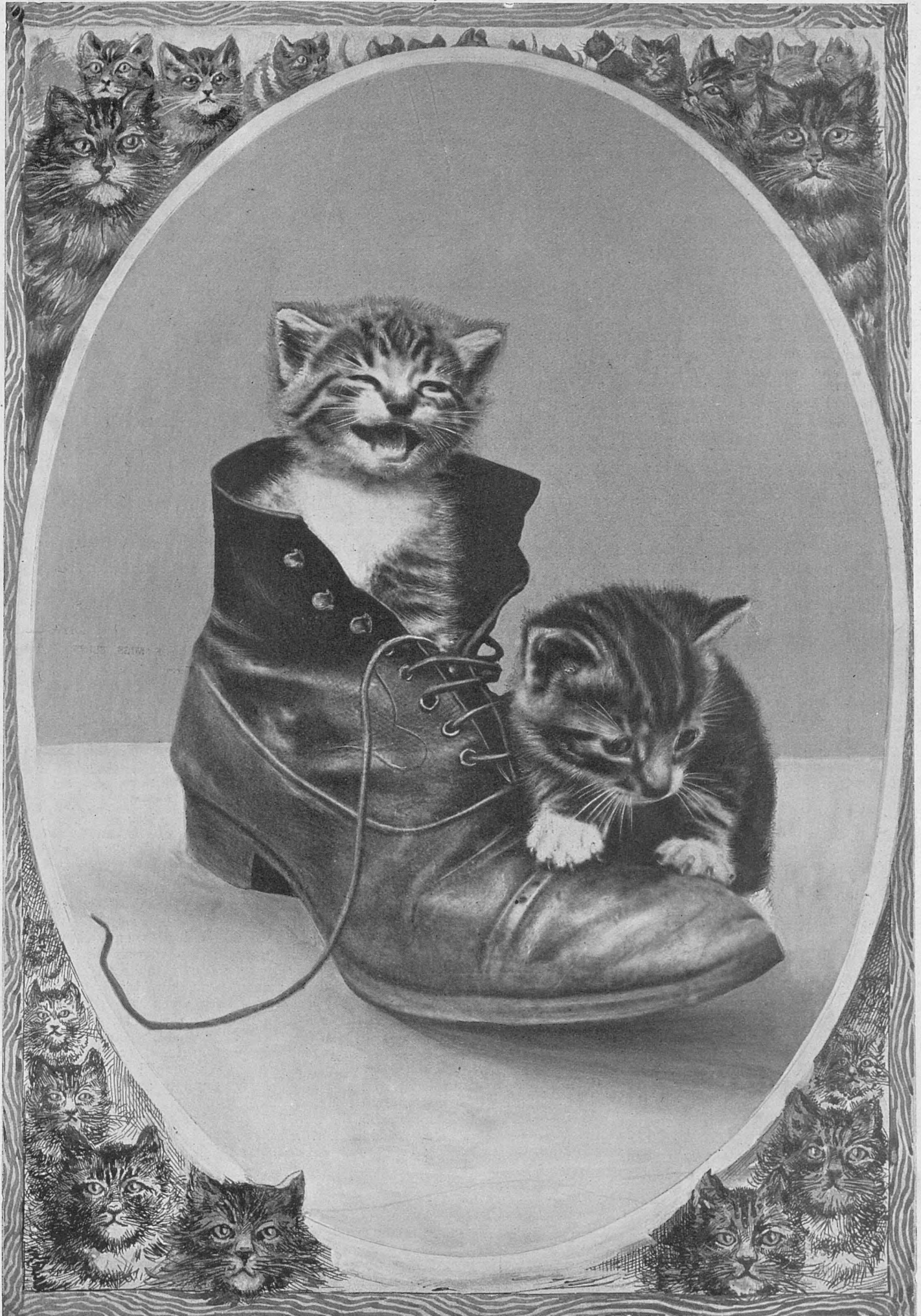
A SON OF MR. HALL CAINE IN HIS FATHER'S PLAY, "THE BONDMAN": "MR. DERWENT" AS A CONVICT, AT THE ADELPHI.

"Mr. Derwent," a son of Mr. Hall Caine, has been playing three parts in "The Bondman," at the Adelphi—a coastguardsman, a farm hand, and a convict. In response to a letter from us, Mr. Hall Caine has kindly given us some particulars of his son's career. In the course of his letter he writes: "I do not think there is much to say about him except that he has played in school theatricals on various occasions and has long wished to be an actor, an ambition which his mother certainly has not been willing to encourage. For my own part, I have thought best to let him have his way rather than leave on his mind and heart the sore impression of a baffled ambition. But I have taken care that he should begin at the bottom and learn all there is to know of the sour as well as the sweet of theatrical life. I am bound to admit that he has so far justified his aims in life as to do his little work quite satisfactorily, and it is a sore disappointment to him that he has had for the time being to relinquish his part at the call of health." With reference to the last-mentioned fact, we may say that "Mr. Derwent" has been suffering from asthma, and is now at St. Moritz.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

STUDIES OF HUMAN EXPRESSION IN ANIMALS.

III.—A CHESHIRE JOKE?



"ENOUGH TO MAKE A CAT LAUGH."

Copyright Photograph by J. R. Richardson, Burnley.



By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"HER GRACE THE REFORMER" AND "LADY HUNTWORTH'S EXPERIMENT"—"MACBETH."

WHEN a new dramatist makes a hit we sometimes find that there is a rush by managers to produce earlier works of his which had formerly appealed in vain for production. Perhaps it is mere guess-work on my part, but the success, the well-deserved success, of "Peter's Mother" seems to me to explain why "Her Grace the Reformer" was produced. On the other hand, there is a popular saying about striking when the iron is hot which may have caused Mrs. Henry de la Pasture to write the play in a hurry. Certainly it is a little off the beaten track, and not without some clever writing, but the revival of the *lever de rideau* system, unfortunately now out of favour, will not be due to such trifles as the little skit upon a certain Countess presented in the picture of the young and beautiful Duchess who writes Communistic speeches and rules her household with a rod of iron. When the Duchess began to rehearse her speech to her maid, the butler, the secretary, and the typist, even the most unsophisticated person in the audience knew that at least one of them would go to sleep and snore. It was the maid who did, and her part was very brightly played by Miss Mona Harrison. We could all guess correctly that when the burglar, who had been listening to the Communistic speech of the Duchess, was captured, he would plead as an excuse for his theft the propositions put forward by the Duchess, and that she would send for the police. These guesses might be made, not as deductions from a knowledge of human life, but on account of our acquaintance with conventional drama. Some cleverness in writing and a happy phrase now and then did not prevent us from being disappointed.

Even without seeing Miss Compton in the leading part, the expert would have discovered that "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" is by Mr. R. C. Carton. His signature appears all over the play.

If the newly formed Society of Dramatic Critics were to establish a school for the education of play-tasters—it might be joined to Mr. Tree's Academy—it would be a useful examination test to see whether the pupils were able, from seeing or reading short scenes, to identify the author. Of course we all knew that the Haymarket piece was Carton comedy.

Mr. Carton's work calls to my mind that of a popular French dramatist, M. Capus, up to a certain point—the point exactly indicative of the difference between the French and English stage view of life. The Carton and the Capus characters

The ingénue gleefully jilts her fiancé and runs away with the Curate, who is deceiving the Vicar; and Captain Dorvaston, her betrothed, flirts with the lady cook, and he is quite good-natured, and the sort of person whose kind services you would seek, wisely, in preference to those of more virtuous people. Of course, there

is a black spot in the play—the contemptible Lord Huntworth—and really all these people are uncommonly like characters in the plays of M. Alfred Capus, except that they have a prejudice—which, no doubt, he deems a piece of Britannic hypocrisy—in favour of decency in sexual matters. Perhaps Lady Huntworth does not push this prejudice to extravagant limits, seeing that, though innocent, she consents, for quite inadequate reasons, to be convicted by the Divorce Court of a breach of the Commandment to which Jessie Deans referred with thrilling effect at that famous interview. This, no doubt, is an awkward blot on the play, if one regards it as pretending to be a picture of

real life. But we need not. The author's clever comedies represent Society neither from a realistic nor an idealistic point of view. They are very clever, artificial edifices, with nice little patches of character and clever dialogue; the best of them, such as the play revived and received with enthusiasm at the Haymarket the other night, are exceedingly amusing, and there is no more need to quarrel with them for being untruthful than to complain of the lack of realism in a picture by Boucher or Watteau or to grumble because our romantic writers, and those of old times as well, forgot to call our attention to the dirtiness of the lovely ladies of the Middle Ages. It is excellently acted. Miss Compton is quite at her best in the part of the lady cook, and Mr. Charles Hawtrej, with the secret of perennial youth, presents Captain Dorvaston charmingly. The mildly amorous Vicar is rendered with a great deal of quiet humour by Mr. Fred Lewis. Mr. Weedon Grossmith, the Lord Huntworth, acts very cleverly, and wisely avoids the touch of horror vividly given by his predecessor. The butler is a quaint, comic creature in the hands of Mr. Holman Clark.

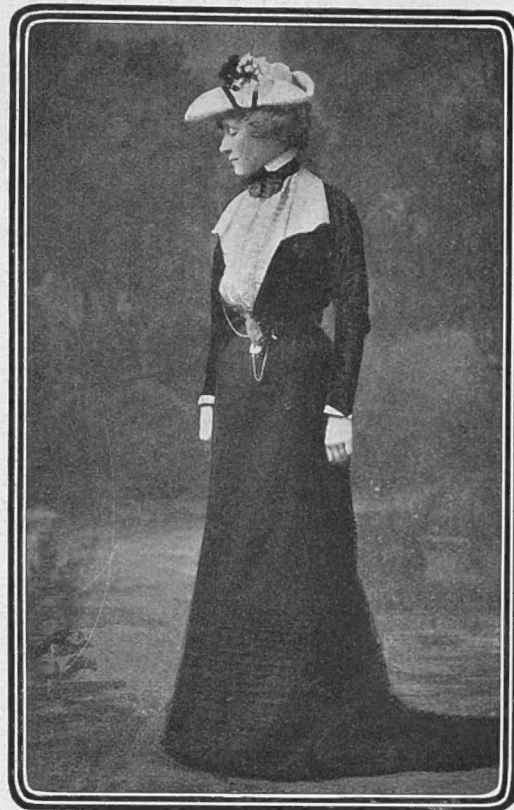
"The Morals of Marcus" seems to keep the "Macbeth" production off the boards. However, Mr. Bourchier managed to give two matinées last week, and a large number of playgoers were thrilled by his strong, essentially modern, representation of the uxorious villain, and by Miss Violet Vanbrugh's picturesque performance in the character of his strong-minded wife. The experiment of abandoning the heroics in favour of twentieth-century neurotic murderers gives the critics a great deal to squabble about. It is not the less interesting on that account. Mr. Matheson Lang has left the cast; his part of Macduff is taken by Mr. Cyril Keightley, who made a hit in a character not infrequently deemed the star part of the play.



THE LEADING LADY IN "LADY HUNTWORTH'S EXPERIMENT" AT HOME: MISS COMPTON IN HER GARDEN.

Photograph supplied by Belak

are quite pleasantly non-moral; truth is a mere counter in their game of existence. In "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" both the Curate and the Vicar seem to have forgotten the fate of Ananias, assuming, of course, that he was punished for being a liar, and not on account of his treachery to the Apostolic Communism. Their highest virtue is to be good-natured; they are agreeable, well-rounded people, whom one can rub against comfortably. The Vicar objects to bad language, but "does himself well," and gorges at dinner without a thought of the thousands who are starving.



MISS ELLEN TERRY'S DAUGHTER STAGE-MANAGES FOR HER MOTHER: MISS EDITH CRAIG, DAUGHTER OF MISS ELLEN TERRY.

Miss Ellen Terry left England some days ago for a tour in America. Miss Edith Craig went with her to act as her stage-manager. Miss Terry is to open in New York, under Mr. Frohman's management, on the 28th of this month, playing in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion."

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

BURIED ALIVE FOR FIFTEEN DAYS:

THE REMARKABLE CASE OF THE MINER, LINDSAY B. HICKS.



1. AFTER FIFTEEN DAYS UNDERGROUND, MR. HICKS IMMEDIATELY AFTER HIS RESCUE.
2. THE 97-FOOT DRIFT CUT INTO THE MOUNTAIN IN ORDER THAT HICKS MIGHT BE REACHED—MINERS WAITING THEIR TURN FOR RESCUE WORK.
3. THE ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT TUNNEL, 100 FEET FROM THE SPOT WHERE HICKS AND FIVE COMRADES WERE BURIED ALIVE.
4. SENDING CHEERING PHONOGRAPH-MUSIC TO HICKS THROUGH THE PIPE THROUGH WHICH HE WAS FED WITH MILK.
5. THE CAR THAT PROTECTED HICKS FROM A FALL OF THOUSANDS OF TONS OF ROCK—UNDER THIS HE LAY FOR THE FIFTEEN DAYS.
6. A REMARKABLE RECOVERY; HICKS RIDING TO HOSPITAL ON THE MORNING AFTER HE WAS RESCUED.

Mr. Lindsay B. Hicks was recently buried with five comrades (who were killed) by a tremendous fall of earth and rock in the Edison Power Company's Tunnel at Bakersfield, California. He was rescued after fifteen days, and suffered so little from his experience that he was able to ride to hospital on the day after he was saved.

Photographs supplied by the Illustrations Bureau.

SMALL TALK



THE WIFE OF A FAMOUS AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE, WHO IS TO VISIT ENGLAND SHORTLY: "MRS. ALFRED VANDERBILT.

Photograph by Alman and Co.

eagerly Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt, who as Miss Elsie French was a great heiress in her own right, and a daughter of the late Francis O. French, one of the first American financiers who saw the possibilities of Trusts. The Vanderbilt-French alliance excited particular interest in the Land of the Free, because it was a case of money mating with money, as well as the outcome of a very pretty romance, for the two young people had adored each other since childhood.

Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt—who is, of course, a cousin of the

Duchess of Marlborough—was a second son, but he became his father's heir all the same. He behaved, however, very generously to his elder brother, and the two are on excellent terms the one with the other. Still, as American millionaires go, Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt can count himself among the first half-dozen, and probably he and his wife are at the present moment the wealthiest couple in the world. They have both many hobbies, but of the sensible outdoor kind. In these days it is almost a comfort to come across a man who prefers horses to motors; like another American, Mr. Gordon Bennett, Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt delights supremely in

THE coming of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt to London is first and foremost an equine event, for the young American millionaire is one of the greatest Transatlantic authorities on horse-breeding and on horses, and he comes accompanied by an imposing "string" of twenty-six horses and sixteen carriages, the latter including the most perfect coach in the world—that known to all New Yorkers by that excellent name, The Venture. Society will welcome



FROM PEON TO MILLIONAIRE: MR. PEDRO ALVARADO (ONCE A PEON), WHO HAS GIVEN 10,000,000 DOLLARS TO HIS POORER COUNTRYMEN.

Photograph by G. G. Bain.

driving four-in-hand, and it is said that he hopes to tool The Venture along most of the great highways out of London. Of course, what brings him here now is the coming International Horse Show at Olympia, and undoubtedly the American millionaire's exhibit will attract a great deal of general curiosity and interest among horsey folk.

Mr. Aked's "Call" to America.

The English Baptist Church loses one of its most brilliant sons through the acceptance by the Rev. C. F. Aked of the "call" to the great Fifth Avenue Church in New York, sometimes called "Mr. Rockefeller's church." His new pulpit will give him an enormous power for good, for among his congregation he will number some of the richest men in the world, men who need salvation not less than the

honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, and he accepted the compliment. A little while ago the question of degrees was under public discussion, and Mr. Aked declared that for the future he would no longer be known as "Dr." Instead, the name which his mother gave him should suffice.

"I will not even have the prefix 'Reverend,'" he added. So America will welcome in the new British Minister and the new Baptist preacher two illustrious sons of Britain as democratic in description as the most ardent Republicans.

A "New" Millionaire.

Into the horizon of the mere man—the average man, who cannot know everything—has come a "new" millionaire, a young Mexican Cæsus who can afford to give ten million dollars in charity to his poor fellow-countrymen. His name is Pedro Alvarado, he owns the Palmillo Mine, and he reckons his money, so it is said, in the hundred millions of dollars. His life-story is remarkable. But a few years ago he was a peon; not long ago he volunteered to pay his country's national debt. It is his ambition to die poor, and he has already given away millions.

The Timber King.

From sawmill-owner to multi-millionaire. That is the story of Frederick Weyerhaeuser, who has suddenly startled America—blasé as it is in such matters—into discussions of his wealth. Seventy-three years ago Mr. Weyerhaeuser was born in Germany. In 1852 he emigrated to America, there to start a small sawmill. In the forests of his adopted country he saw his way to wealth. Gradually and systematically he began to buy

growing timber—often for the proverbial mere song; now many a great forest track in the North-West has him as master—thirty-two million acres in Washington alone are his. Publicity in any form he detests; hence the fact that until quite recently his name was comparatively unknown. Secrecy is his watchword; his right-hand man is never allowed to know what his left-hand man is doing. Evidently there is something to be said for the method.

Society and the West Indies.

Social playgrounds shift from year to year, and of late the West Indies, now brought into such terrible prominence by the recent earthquake, had become very popular with those happy folk who can fly from our cold and snow into warmth and sunshine. The most popular of Irish ex-Lords-Lieutenant and his beautiful wife had gone there to recruit after Lord Dudley's illness, and the voyage was supposed to be peculiarly free from the dangers which beset those that go down to the sea in ships. Now there has been a rude awakening, and for some time to come the lover of sunshine and of new sensations—for the West Indies have remained curiously unspoiled—will avoid the lotus-land so beloved of Kingsley, and return, with a sigh, to Egypt and the Riviera.



AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE WHO IS BRINGING A "STRING" OF 26 HORSES AND 16 CARRIAGES TO ENGLAND: MR. ALFRED VANDERBILT.

Photograph supplied by the Press Picture Agency.



THE ENGLISH BAPTIST MINISTER WHO HAS ACCEPTED A "CALL" TO "MR. ROCKEFELLER'S CHURCH": MR. C. F. AKED.

Photograph by Richard Brown.

least of their brethren. There is a coincidence about the appointment which has not been noticed. Mr. Bryce is going as Ambassador untitled; Mr. Aked goes as minister of the Gospel untitled. For years he was known as "Dr." Aked. When he was a student the degree was not available to Nonconformists. His admirers at Temple College, Pennsylvania, conferred upon him their own



THE TIMBER KING: MR. FREDERICK WEYERHAUSER, OWNER OF 32,000,000 ACRES IN THE STATE OF WASHINGTON ALONE.

Photograph by the Boston Photo. News Company.



OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



A CITY OF THE DEAD WITH A POPULATION GREATER THAN THAT OF LONDON.

Our Photograph was taken at Campo Verano, Rome, and shows the cemetery, which is the largest in the world. In it over 6,200,000 people are buried.



THE TSAR'S PRIVATE SWIMMING-BATH IN THE GROUNDS OF PETERHOF.

By order of his physician, Dr. Hirsch, the Tsar spends at least an hour daily in the waters of this bath.



BROTHERS OF PITY WHOSE PROCESSIONS SUGGEST THE INQUISITION.

Our Photograph, which certainly suggests a prisoner being conveyed to the torture in the days of the Inquisition, represents in reality a sick man being taken to hospital in Florence by members of the Fraternity of Misericordia.



MISS AMY MIDDLETON, WHO IS ENGAGED TO ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES DRURY.

Photograph by R. B. Cosway.

planned, the then Prince of Wales threw himself into the scheme with peculiar ardour, and his remarkable organising gifts and instinctive knowledge of what was likely to prove at once instructive and popular surprised those whose privilege it was to work with him on the committee. One of his Majesty's earliest and pleasantest recollections is that of the great Exhibition of '51, the achievement, it will be remembered, of his revered father, the late Prince Consort. The royal children heard every detail of that remarkable enterprise discussed, and the then Prince of Wales was almost a daily visitor to the great international shows.

A Sailor and His Bride.

Admiral Sir Charles Drury, who has been appointed to succeed Lord Charles Beresford in the command of the Mediterranean Fleet, will go out to Malta as an interesting Benedick, for he is to be married on Feb. 12 to Miss Middleton. Sir Charles, who is a man of splendid physique, is one of the few officers of Canadian birth in the Royal Navy. He is a New Brunswicker, the son of Baron Drury, a French-Canadian noble, his mother being a daughter of Colonel Poyntz, of the old 30th Regiment, and he was educated entirely in the colony. He was soon marked out for promotion in the Service, and ten years ago received the coveted honour of being appointed Naval A.D.C. to Queen Victoria. Before that he had done such service under his senior officer, Sir Gerard Noel, in suppressing the trouble in Crete, that he was specially thanked by the Foreign Office. Sir Charles had the singular honour of being commissioned to represent the Navy at the great Delhi Durbar, and he received on that occasion a knighthood of the Star of India.

Paris Gambling Clubs.

M. Clémenceau has suppressed the foreign "boss," but the gambling clubs of Paris still run as merrily as ever. Club life is not understood at the other end of the problematical tunnel as it is with us, but the gambling club has been developed into a

THE announcement that the King and Queen in person will open the South African Exhibition next month recalls his Majesty's constant and most practical interest in such enterprises. When the series—which began with the delightful, if now half-forgotten, "The Fisheries"—was

fine art. The young bloods talk about going to their clubs of an evening with a fine, distinguished air, but they really mean to the *tripot* or gambling den. There are just some few places where they play bacarat honestly in Paris, but, in general, it is the biggest game of robbery you could imagine. The odd thing is that the victims often know they are being "done," but persist *tout de même*.



A PLAYER IN LADY KATHLEEN HASTINGS' "ROBIN HOOD": LADY NORAH HASTINGS AS IRISH MOLLY.

Lady Norah gave a song and dance as Irish Molly, and afterwards played King Richard in "Robin Hood."



LADY MARIAN HASTINGS AS BARON MAIN DE FER.

SOCIETY CHILDREN-ACTORS IN A SOCIETY CHILD'S PLAY: THE PRODUCTION OF LADY KATHLEEN HASTINGS' "ROBIN HOOD" AT MADELEY.

As we noted last week, Lady Kathleen Hastings, the fourteen-year-old daughter of Lady Huntingdon, wrote a play for production during her mother's recent royal house-party.

Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.



LORD JACK HASTINGS AS ROBIN HOOD.



LADY KATHLEEN HASTINGS IN "ROBIN HOOD."

none ever saw him applaud, though he seemed to enjoy the music. He was as unreadable as the Sphinx. One day, a joker for a bet dressed himself exactly as the Persian: the same astrachan cap and diamond (though probably not as genuine), the same white beard and hair, the same dark countenance—a perfect resemblance. The spurious imitation took place beside the original, to the great joy of a crowded opera-house. But the mysterious Persian took no notice—merely a slight inclination of the head.



ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES DRURY, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MISS AMY MIDDLETON.

Photograph by R. B. Cosway.

The Shah's Photograph.

When the late Shah was at Contrexéville, where he went nearly every year for the benefit of his health, he was regularly mobbed by amateur photographers, who pursued him to get snapshots of him. One day he noticed a pretty little girl, about six years old, trotting by his side and trying to get a picture of him. When he realised what she wanted, he stopped suddenly and told her to take his picture. The child at once obeyed, and then ran off as fast as she could, much to the Shah's amusement. A few days afterwards, he was surprised to see the little girl enter his room with a proof of the photograph she had taken, tied up with green ribbon. The Shah, who was very fond of children, accepted the picture, kissed the child, and sent her back home with both her hands filled with pieces of gold.

The Mysterious Persian.

Nasr-Ed-din, grandpapa of the present Sovereign, first taught the Parisians to love the Persians. Since then no season has been complete without the Shah, or at least an Oriental potentate of sorts. The *badaud* loves the exotic and bizarre, and the Shah in Sunday clothes is really a fine figure for a King. Once upon a time there was a mysterious Persian who much interested the town; he was present every night at the Opéra, and wore on State occasions a wonderful astrachan cap surmounted by a large diamond. No one knew his name or rank, and

THE STAGE ALICE OF TO-DAY IN A TENNIEL SETTING.



The Mock Turtle (Mr. Tom Graves). The Gryphon (Mr. J. C. Buckstone).
ALICE WITH THE MOCK TURTLE AND THE GRYPHON.

"Will you, won't you, will you, won't you,
 Will you join the dance?"



Alice The March Hare The Dormouse The Mad Hatter
 (Miss Marie Studholme). (Miss Florrie Arnold). (Miss Ivy Sawyer). (Mr. Stanley Brett).

THE MAD HATTER'S TEA-PARTY.

"Your hair wants cutting," said The Hatter.



The Messenger. The White King. The Mad Hatter
 (Mr. Stanley Brett).

THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE LION AND THE UNICORN.

The Messenger kept skipping up and down.



Tweedledum Tweedledee
 (Mr. Tom Graves). (Mr. J. C. Buckstone).

ALICE MEETS TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE.

"If you think we're waxworks," he said, "you ought to pay, you know."



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

The "New" Theology, and Wasted Lamentation.

If the "New" Theology of the Rev. R. J. Campbell be correct, and man in the Garden of Eden did not fall, it follows, of course, that woman never tempted him. Woman, therefore, is rehabilitated. This vindication of the sex makes it the more curious to reflect that the only hand held up against the appointment of Mr. Campbell to the City Temple was, that of a lady. Now even she must relent. But what a peck of trouble would have been saved if the old allegory, if such it be, had always been regarded as allegory. Think of the wasted efforts of that well-meaning soul, the professor in an American theological college, who has just demonstrated, so much to his own satisfaction, that the apple was not an apple at all, but a lemon! For the fate of another man who lives in literature still deeper sympathy should be felt. The thought of the Fall so weighed upon his mind that he quite lost his mental balance. It all seemed so hard to him; not the Fall so much as the occasion. "It comes specially hard on me, for I never could bide apples, raw or cooked, all my days," he used inconsolably to lament.

A Wife's Error.

Woman has been paying ever since the theory now challenged from the City Temple pulpit first received credence—paying a debt which she never incurred. Sometimes she pays in another sense. Such was she to whose house came late at night, and dripping from a storm, a clergyman whose home was far distant. Her husband insisted that the visitor should stay the night. "But I cannot; I am wet through," said the minister. However, a change of garments was offered and accepted, and the minister tripped upstairs to take advantage of it. The goodwife was not pleased at this sudden upset of her arrangements—men are so inconsiderate. Still, she thought that the proper thing to do was to hasten to bring down the mighty family Bible. When she returned to the room, she saw her husband, as she thought, kneeling to warm himself before the fire. With all the energy available, she whacked him across the head with the Bible.

not dream of accepting presents. If such a thing were in the minds of the firm, let them transfer their favour in the shape of discount to the house which he represented. They did not mean anything of the sort, they told him; this was a little matter personal to himself. He threw back his shoulders; he was not to be bribed. "Oh, but this is no bribe," he was answered. "All we propose to do is to offer you a nice box of cigars, for which you shall give us, say, sixpence." The choler of the virtuous one died away. He put his hand into his pocket and drew forth a coin. "I'm to take



ONE FIGURE MADE OF MANY FIGURES: A REMARKABLE IMAGE.

See other Illustrations on page 10 of Supplement.

the box and give you sixpence? Well, I havena' a sixpence. Here's a shillin'; I'll tak' twa boxes!"

The Walking Postage-Stamp.

A man has just inherited £600,000 by abstaining for sixteen months from drink. The late Lord Ritchie tried to effect the same excellent result without reward in specie to the convert, but we never hear anything now of the "black list." A simple thing may sometimes do more for a man's regeneration than all the Acts of Parliament. It certainly did in a story that was told a few years ago. A man staggered late at night into a dingy beerhouse, and while he was waiting for his drink watched another toper trying to affix a stamp to a letter. The stamp fell, but before it could be recovered, it started on a zigzag course for the wall. The man watched with horror as, reaching the wall, it began unsteadily to ascend. Higher and higher it crept, in the direction of his face. This horrible phenomenon was a warning, he felt; it had been given life to admonish him upon his excessive indulgence. The dreadful stamp continued its ascent, then suddenly seemed about to spring at him. He rushed from the bar, destined never again to "taste." The moistened stamp had fallen upon the back of a cockroach, hence its movements.

The Saving of Berlioz.

There is more rejoicing at the Salvation Army over one man saved from suicide than over ninety-and-nine who never contemplated self-destruction. It is a sensational but important task which has been taken in hand. Thought of the work brings to mind a haunting picture. A man driven to despair by disappointed ambition, by the malignity of his contemporaries, by the apparent ruin of all his hopes, sat alone in a sombre room, counting out the last moments of life which he had assigned himself. Two loaded pistols were beside him, and the end seemed indeed come. Before he could pull a trigger to loose the ball which would send his soul adrift, he heard a timid tap at his door, and a childish voice crying, "Papa, will you be friends?" The revolver was restored to its place. "I will be friends," said the man; "come on, my boy." He opened the door and admitted his little son, and took him on his knee, and wept upon his golden curls. That tiny child, destined to drown unknown at sea, had come at the psychological moment to save a great genius. The man whom he saved from self-murder was Hector Berlioz.



ONE FIGURE MADE OF MANY FIGURES: A REMARKABLE IMAGE.

It will be noted that many figures go to the making up of the figure.

See other Illustrations on page 10 of Supplement.

"That's for axin' him to stay a' neet," she snapped. The kneeling figure rose in confusion. It was that of the minister, arrayed in the clothes of his host.

"I'll Tak' Twa Boxes."

At a meeting the other night before which a literary friend lectured a story was told which may be as old as the hills, but is new to the writer. Nothing is new except that which is forgotten, as the dressmaker of Marie Antoinette told her royal mistress, so this story will be "new" again next Christmas, apropos of the new Act against tipping. The story is that of a Scots business representative who called upon a firm whose principal desired to make him a Christmas present. The honest fellow was scandalised. He could

WHY WORRY ABOUT TRIFLES?



OWNER OF CAR (to friend beneath the car): Hang it all, it's nothing to make such a fuss about!
A little thing like this might happen to anyone.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE wheel has come full circle in bringing about the engagement of Mr. Richard Green under Mrs. D'Oyly Carte's management for one of the leading parts in "The Gondoliers," as it was under Mr. D'Oyly Carte's banner that he obtained his first engagement in the production of "Ivanhoe," which it was hoped would establish English grand opera on a permanent basis in a home of its own in London.

The present is not Mr. Green's first appearance at the Savoy, although it is his first appearance in Gilbert and Sullivan opera. In 1902 he played at that house in "Haddon Hall," and in "The Vicar of Bray." His return to the theatre and to the D'Oyly Carte management is a matter on which the actor-vocalist has been heard to express himself in terms of the greatest delight, not only for the sake of the opportunities his part offers to him, but for the personal reason that he will be connected with a management which is, in his opinion, "as nearly perfect as possible."

Mr. Green is gifted with a splendid memory, which on more than one occasion has served both him and the management of the Royal Italian Opera in good stead. Once, when "Otello" was being acted at Covent Garden, and he was playing Montano, it was discovered that Signor Vaschetti, who was cast for the Herald who opens the third act, was not in the house. Although the part is a small one, there was apparently no one else who could take it up. In the dilemma in which the management was placed, Mr. Green volunteered to do it. During the second act, with the assistance of Mr. Landon Ronald at the piano, he managed to learn the few bars of music the Herald has to sing, and went through the task with ease. On another occasion, he was sitting in the front, listening to "Faust," when, after the first act, Mr. Neil Forsyth went to him and told him that M. Maurel was ill. Without any hesitation, he left his seat, went round to the stage, rehearsed M. Maurel's part, and sang it to the satisfaction of the audience and of the management.

The revival of "The Gondoliers" recalls an amusing incident in its career. Successful as it was in England, it was by no means equally successful when it was produced in America. The gentleman who exploited it—he is dead now—had the reputation throughout the length and breadth of the United States of being the Malaprop of the managers. One day someone was talking about the opera in his presence. "Oh," he said, "you can call it 'The Gondoliers' if you want to, but I always call it 'The Gone Dollars!'"

Mr. John Johnson and Mr. Dagney Major, the pioneers of the modern village drama, are again the collaborators in the play which will usher in Hildenborough's fifth season on Monday. Their play this year is the most ambitious they have yet attempted, and deals with a burning problem of the day, as evidenced by its title, "Back to the Land." This is treated fearlessly and in strong colours, in spite of the danger of exciting party feeling. As usual, the play is to be acted by male characters only; but as it will subsequently be produced on the London stage, at certain of the suburban theatres,

the authors are preparing a new version in which female characters and a strong love interest will be introduced. Those who have never seen a Hildenborough play would probably be surprised to know how closely the rehearsals and stage preparations resemble those at a West-End theatre. There is no suggestion of the amateur about it, and everything is done as seriously as if the actors lived by their art. Even jealousy is not unknown, and the villagers are sticklers over the length of their parts, for occasionally the two old Charterhouse boys who have written the play are brought face to face with a very burning professional problem, couched in such expressions as "I ain't got so many lines as last year, Sir."

That an accurate knowledge of the text of even the most frequently produced plays of Shakspeare is not general has just been amusingly demonstrated at the Garrick, where, as *Sketch* readers are aware, Mr. Bouchier is giving some special matinée performances of "Macbeth." The other day a friend went to see him, and suggested that he should be more careful in speaking on the stage, for he added, "You know your voice is very clear. When, in the last act, you wanted your man to take off your armour, and you told

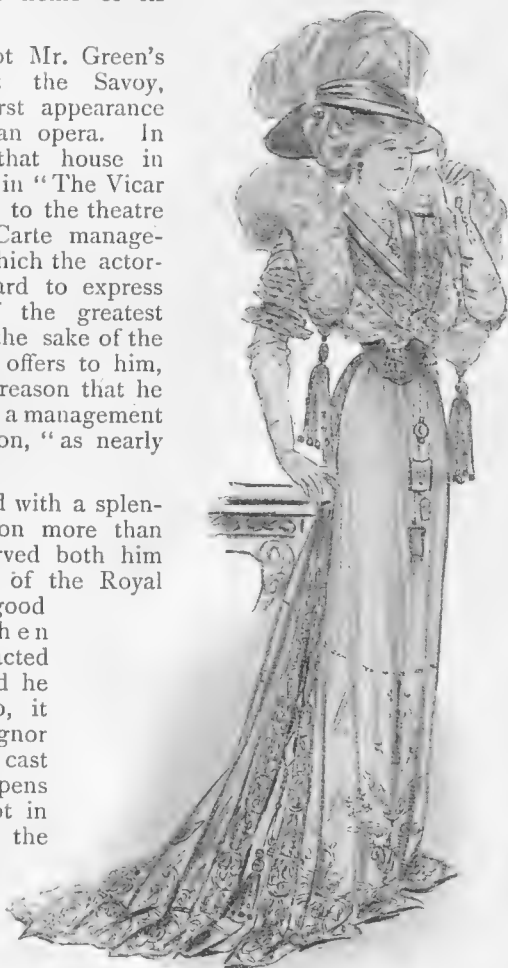
him so, I could hear every word you said quite distinctly from where I sat." The gentleman evidently did not know that the words he thought he overheard are set down in the text.

It is not often that a theatre is dedicated with such a remarkable programme as has been arranged for the Playhouse next Monday, including as it does, in addition to the regular programme ("The Drums of Oude" and "Toddles") the singing of "God Save the King" by Madame Clara Butt, the speaking by Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Maude of a prologue written by Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bouchier in "Sixes and Sevens," Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks in a duet, and Mr. Tree in one of the one-act plays of his repertoire. Besides these, however, it may confidently be expected that there will be one item not

on the programme, in the shape of a speech from Mr. Maude himself, whose threatened ruin by the fall of the Avenue will, it is to be

hoped, only increase his pleasure in the fortune the Playhouse will bring him. In his own theatre Mr. Cyril Maude might well say, like Desdemona, "I do

perceive here a divided duty." It is not merely on the stage and while the curtain is up that he will endeavour to cater for the public's needs; he will also satisfy their wants when the curtain is down, for, unlike the custom which prevails at most theatres, he will be his own manager of the refreshment department, where everything will, of course, be of the best. Unlike what happens at most other theatres, too, Mr. Maude intends that playgoers shall have the right of booking practically all the seats in his Playhouse.



AN ANARCHIST'S DRESSES—ACCORDING TO THE STAGE: A GOWN WORN BY MISS KITTY GORDON AS PRINCESS RASSLOVA IN "NELLY NEIL," AT THE ALDWYCH. (ACT. 3.)

Gown of light, golden-brown crêpe-de-chine and gauze ninon, heavily embroidered in two shades. Bodice loosely draped and held in straps of embroidered crêpe-de-chine. Transparent tucked tulle at neck. Large feather ruffle finished off with tassels. Hat, brown chip and straw, with three upstanding feathers tied brown glacé, all same colour. Gloves same colour. The gown is by Jays, Ltd.



AN ANARCHIST'S DRESSES—ACCORDING TO THE STAGE: A GOWN WORN BY MISS KITTY GORDON AS PRINCESS RASSLOVA IN "NELLY NEIL," AT THE ALDWYCH. (ACT. 2.)

Miss Kitty Gordon, who plays Princess Rasslova, the aristocratic Anarchist in "Nelly Neil," wears some exceedingly smart dresses. The description of the one here given is as follows:—Alençon lace skirt, very yellow tint, finished flounces gauged on gold galon, and tied-up gold tassels; foot of skirt, band of velvet same colour as lace, with gold appliqué; seamless coat of cinnamon taffeta shot gold, with long sash ends, embroidered three shades of gold thread bee design and border; transparent lace at neck, finished tiny buttons and loops of gold; black satin waistband, finished buckle at back; front of coat tied together with about eight shades of salmon pink; sunshade of gold net and lace embroidered to match coat, old carved ivory handle. The dress is by Jays, Ltd.

A MEMORY-TEST INDEED !



GOLFER (*who rather fancies himself*): I suppose you've been round the links with worse players than me, eh?

[THE CADDY TAKES NO NOTICE.]

GOLFER (*in his loudest voice*): I say, I suppose you've been round the links with 'worse' players 'than me, eh?

CADDY: I heard verra weel 'what ye said the first time. I'm just thinkin' aboot it.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"TEMPLE BAR" is dead. There is nothing to wonder at in this, and little to lament, for the magazine had become the poor, forlorn ghost of its former self. But in its day *Temple Bar* was a capital magazine, and it was never so good as when it was in the hands of George Bentley, the publisher. Sala and Edmund Yates had to do with it at the beginning, but Bentley was a better editor than either. He gave large, clear, generous print, many pages, and matter which was always entertaining. In particular, he believed in anecdotal biography. This is a mine that publishers of the present day are just beginning to discover. There are very few who can work it well. But George Bentley knew how to work it. He understood that a dozen good and true stories about a man may give a more living image of him than any number of dull and pompous essays. Also, *Temple Bar* was extraordinarily fortunate in its novelists. It was in its pages that Rhoda Broughton's best books all appeared, and among others who kept up the sale and the attraction of the magazine were Mrs. Parr and Maarten Maartens. For the latter George Bentley had a very considerable partiality, and some day their correspondence may be published.

Are all the good literary magazines to die out? The question is a searching one, but I think that a few first-rate periodicals will survive in England if they are kept up to date; but they must be kept up to date. They must not live upon tradition, and go on using covers which suited a hundred years ago. If they move with the times and keep up their literary standard, young writers will be proud to contribute at moderate rates; and in that way the life and virility may be maintained. I do not ignore the difficult question of advertising. Perhaps every great publishing firm is bound in honour to keep up at least one periodical which does not pay. But whether that view will generally be taken is quite another matter.

There is to be a new edition of Prince Peter Kropotkin's "Memoirs of a Revolutionist." It is a highly interesting book, and describes with great vividness the author's childhood in the last days of serfdom in Russia, his service at Court, his journeys to Siberia, his revolutionary adventures—arrest, imprisonment, and escape—and his after-life in Western Europe, where he has won honour as a great scientist. Dr. Brandes has been called forth somewhat unnecessarily to preface the volume, and he assures us that parts of the narrative, from the very nature of the events the writer has to tell, are more intensely exciting than anything in those novels which aim merely at being sensational.

In an autograph letter put up for sale, Ouida remonstrates against the modern taste for publicity. She writes: "I regret to refuse your request and cannot comply with it. What impertinence and what folly are those so-called biographies of persons who have

done nothing to deserve such a punishment! The life of such a man as Burton or Wellington contains material for history, but those of a man or woman of the world have nothing in them which is not essentially private and personal, and with which the public and the Press have nothing to do."

Mr. Andrew Carnegie promised last year to different library authorities a sum of over £120,000 for the erection of libraries. An item of £13,000 is, however, to be deducted from the total amount, as Bath refused both to accept the gift and to adopt the Public Library Acts.

Brunetière's little book on Balzac has been published in the French Men of Letters series, issued by Messrs. Lippincott. It is an acute and laborious work, but Brunetière will never obtain in this country the recognition he won in France. Among other obiter dicta in his volume is his pronouncement that the models and masterpieces of the historical novel are "Ivanhoe," "Quentin Durward," "The Abbot," "The Monastery," "Rob Roy,"

"I Promessi Sposi," "The Last of the Barons," and "Henry Esmond." Was there ever such confusion? As a philosopher of life, he puts Balzac first and George Eliot second, maintaining that Balzac devotes himself to the new characters which his time offers to his observation.

In spite of the enthusiasm of the Scotch for Burns, it may be doubted whether they read him. One of the finest editions of Burns ever published was that

edited by Messrs. Henley and Henderson. It had Henley's introduction, a most carefully prepared text, notes, glossaries, and everything complete. In addition, it was most handsomely got up by the publishers, Messrs. Jack. Now they announce a cheap set of the volumes, which is to be sold at the cruel price of six shillings. This is cheap indeed, but there is surely a limit to cheapness.

Mr. Arthur A'Beckett, who has already published a volume of *Reminiscences*, is about to publish another, under the title "Recollections of a Humorist."

The son of the late F. W. H. Myers has prepared a new and abridged edition of his father's work entitled "Human Personality and its Survival after Bodily Death."

Mr. Cobden Sanderson has issued at the Doves Press an edition of the first part of Goethe's "Faust." This is the first book of the Doves Press in which a notable proportion of the work is printed in red. The names of the speakers are in capitals, and the stage directions are in red. The Doves Press books have sold well. The first edition of the "Agricola" of Tacitus was issued at twenty-five shillings, and soon sold for ten guineas. Among promised books are "Unto this Last," "Sartor Resartus," and "The Areopagitica."

O. O.



THE CARTER (pointing towards Jem Brooser's eating-house): Wot's ther grub like at this place nah? Any good?

THE LOAFER (softly voice): Well, I ain't tried meself, but I 'ear as 'ow no one ain't lodged no complaints.

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.

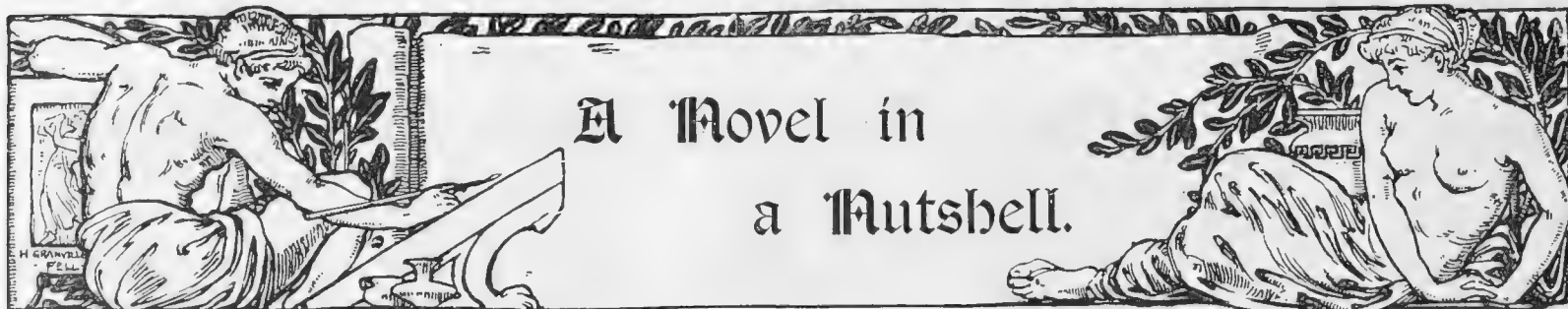
A WINNING HAZARD.



MASTER: What in thunder are you doing, John?

JOHN: Well, Sir, looks as if I was goin' to make a record break, Sir!

DRAWN BY NOEL POCKOCK.



A Novel in a Nutshell.

FIVE POUNDS REWARD.

BY EDWARD H. COOPER.



THE above reward will be paid to anyone who will kindly find for me, and trace to her home, a little flower-girl of some twelve summers, who last week was selling flowers in the Strand near the Savoy Hotel. She was dressed in faded black, with a small, dark-blue shawl over her head, but more neatly than most of her kind. Also her brown curls were unusually well brushed, and she offered her flowers rather shyly, with a scared glance of some very lovely blue eyes.

The young person drifted slowly into my consciousness one Sunday evening last autumn. There is a little chapel hidden away in a side street off the Strand; a tiny churchyard surrounds it, where a dozen or so of trees stand sentry over a score or so of tombstones—some of the latter with flowers scattered round them, and dates not more than half-a-century old writ thereon; others moss-grown, untended, with little creepers and the green grass blotting out their forgotten histories. Inside the chapel one comes into a curious, sudden quiet, into which the hooting of the river tugs and the roar of Strand traffic come, as it were, from a hundred miles away; and the stained-glass saint and angel figures look down quietly, with Art's eternal peace and pity, on the folk who have come for a moment out of this turmoil, and must presently go back into it. Every Sunday evening through October and November my little maid was here, and with her a younger sister, whose places she found in the prayer-book, and settled her hat comfortably when the babe elected to go to sleep during the sermon, as she mostly did; and then led her protectingly down the aisle, across the darkling little churchyard, and away . . . into space.

There was a tale in the child's face of which I wanted to read more—a very ordinary tale, I judged, of a child who was mother, nurse, housekeeper, and a dozen other things; and had no quiet hour in the week except the one she spent here. Having carefully invented some pretext for talking to the two children one evening, I was vexed to find their places empty; and next Sunday evening they were empty again. Then a chapter in the story wrote itself legibly, for the elder child turned up next week without her little nursling; there was a new black bow in her hair and black ribbon in her hat, and the pale lamp-light fell on a face which looked as if all the tears that a weeping world has ever shed, and all the cries of pain that broken hearts have ever uttered, were held back behind its eyes and lips. She went into a seat by herself, and looked round nervously when anyone approached it, as if the thought of anyone else sitting beside her were almost intolerable.

As the psalms were being sung, the few scattered folk at the back of the church became conscious of a new ray of light behind them, and, looking round, saw the figure of a woman whose evening-dress and gorgeous jewels were scarcely hidden by a long grey opera-cloak and a white shawl over her head. The newcomer's occupation in life was written all over her in capital letters; her face was coarse, hard, unusually repulsive even for a person of this kind; her jewels were mostly of the sort commonly and rudely known as "French"; and a flash of contemptuous amusement came into her eyes and on to her badly painted lips when she caught sight of the child, which added another chapter to the tale that I had

wished to read. She moved quickly up to the little one's seat, dropped a note on her prayer-book, favoured the rest of us with a politely pitying smile, and vanished, leaving only a horrible odour of cheap scent, and vague gratitude in my own soul that I was not going to dine with her.

The child read the note, and a little shock of helpless terror broke the repressed misery of her face for a moment. Then the face grew impassive again, and the service came to an end; and after waiting a moment to hear the last of the music, the girl followed the others out of church, forgetting, however, her note, which dropped to the floor. I am not a very scrupulous person when I have once seen a look of that kind on a twelve-year-old face, and I picked up the note and read it. It stated briefly that "Mrs. Benson" (presumably the landlady of some lodgings) declined to accommodate the writer any longer, and proposed to put all her belongings (the valueless portion of them, at any rate) into the street immediately, a proceeding in which all my sympathies were with Mrs. Benson. "I daresay," concluded the note, "she will keep you for one more night. If not, get a room close by, and let me know to-morrow somehow where it is. I shan't be home to-night."

With the note in my pocket, I went out into the churchyard, which was almost empty now. Soft, cold rain was falling on the wet, yellowing grass; a chilly little December wind made quaint sobbing sounds among the dark trees; and suddenly a child's sob mingled with them. But the forlorn little figure drew itself up with a great effort when I came near, and said with cold politeness that it had hurt its foot, but was better now, and was going home.

"But if Mrs. Benson won't keep you?" I asked bluntly; for the evening was cold, and a man was waiting to shut the gates, and it does save a good deal of nerve-strain to a person of this age if you will make her come quickly to the point.

The child looked up at me with startled surprise, but was young enough to share the vague nursery belief that her elders were unaccountably omniscient; and was, perhaps, miserable enough to welcome any help. "I don't know what I shall do then," she said quietly.

"Do you know where your mother is now?" I asked.

She raised her hands slightly and let them fall again with a little hopeless gesture, peering at me steadily the while; then she lifted a hand again and put one finger on my arm, this dumb, childish appeal stating briefly that the London winter night held no other friend or helper and that she surrendered herself. The proceedings of women such as I had just seen in the chapel are monotonously regular; it was but a matter of "drawing" three smart restaurants, and, in point of fact, I saw her in the first that we entered. She was at a table with two other women of her own kind and three men; thirty or forty other tables, each with their flowers and red-shaded lights and laughing guests, lay about the dimly lit room like bunches of vulgar, earthy stars, and a horrid perfume of mutton, chrysanthemums, violet-powder, chocolate soufflé, patchouli, and bananas filled the room. I sent a card to the woman, demanding her presence among the palms of the ante-room. Her face of rage and terror when she came out and saw me

(Continued overleaf.)

FIRESIDE PUZZLES, BY "SPHINX."

ILLUSTRATED BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



V.—THE NAUGHTY BOY.

Mr. and Mrs. Perkins were taking a walk across the flowery meads with their son Tommy. The young wretch, seeing a horse and a cow peacefully lying down together, must needs go and disturb them in their rest. We see the animals in the act of getting on to their feet, preparatory to taking some action in the matter. The puzzle was originally intended to deal with the question, "Which would send the boy the greater distance—the kick of the horse or the toss of the cow?" But as the artist has happened (perhaps through intentional humour) to make a very prominent error in the drawing, we alter the conditions of the puzzle, and ask our readers if they can discover just what this blunder is. What is wrong with the drawing?—HENRY E. DUDENEY.

(For Solution see "Mere Man" page.)

with the child would have been payment for much more trouble than I had yet taken.

"Netta!" she cried furiously; and again: "Netta!"

"We have just come to ask," I said affably, "where Netta is to go if Mrs. Benson won't have her. Also, we should like a few pounds for possible emergencies."

Madame eyed me steadily, glanced round the room to calculate the chances of escape if she murdered both of us, gave up the idea apparently as a bad job, and muttered helplessly, "There are plenty of other rooms close by for a night. I'll come to her to-morrow. I have no money with me here."

"Your host, perhaps . . . ?" I suggested delicately.

"I can't ask him now," she said sullenly. "Mrs. Benson will keep the child for to-night, unless . . . I mean, she's sure to keep her all right."

"It would save you vexation, perhaps," I asked, with a slight movement towards the restaurant door, "if Netta and I went and spoke to the—er—gentleman now?"

Under her paint, the woman turned livid with rage, and I leant against a pillar and laughed idly. Persons of this sort are obnoxious to moralists, I believe, but they amuse me. It struck me suddenly that it would be rather fun to get a small table next to this other party and give Netta some dinner.

With some fluent but barely articulate comment, the lady summoned a waiter, and bade him fetch a certain one of the diners, who, in fact, presently came sauntering out—a member, I should say, of the fraternity which offers in public, but, it is generally understood, declines in private, to "lend money to any amount, without security, on note of hand alone."

"Lend me a couple of sovereigns, old boy, will you?" the woman asked lightly. "Some wretched relations of mine have got stranded in London, it appears, and have tracked me here to borrow money from me." She looked defiance at me as she spoke, but I merely smiled in polite appreciation of her story. It entertained both me and the man, who stood and stared at us, with a toothpick in his hand and a not unkindly glance or two at Netta. I demurred only to the amount, pointing out that if we could not have five pounds at once Netta and I would be obliged to join their dinner party, as we could not afford to pay for a meal out of the smaller sum. The money was paid, and we departed with amiable farewells; also (for on looking back I saw the woman protesting with

frightened gestures and the man scowling sulkily) with serene content on my part.

Mrs. Benson was very firm, not to say "short." We might take away certain necessities of life, such as hair-brushes and night-gowns, in return for a small payment; but neither Netta nor her mother should spend another hour in the rooms. Then suddenly I remembered the black bow, and the small person who used to sleep on Netta's shoulder during the sermons; and I looked curiously round the room, not liking to ask questions.

The child, who had spoken hardly a word since we left the churchyard, but only let her hands be held tight as we drove here, was moving about, collecting a few things of her own for the night. This done, I saw her lips tighten and her eyes contract as if in unbearable physical pain; and she got a small cardboard box, and put a few other things into it—a small pair of gloves, a doll, a necklace, a pair of old shoes, a stained pinafore; then she went into the bedroom, where, visible through the folding-doors, was a small trestle-bed, with its pillow still dented and bedclothes disordered—untouched, perhaps, since the dead child lay there—and took down a small picture which hung at its head. Having put this into the box, she glanced round the room for a moment for something more, saw a few shells lying on the floor and packed them away too, looked round both rooms again with half-mad eyes, began to fasten up the box, and then studied her own hands with a certain childish surprise

and curiosity because they were trembling so that they could not fasten the string . . . Lord God Almighty! how do human hearts live and beat on through hours like that?

Coming next morning to the house where I had left my little lady that night, I was told that she had just been taken away by a lady who had refused to leave any address. Inquiries produced no result, and I have not seen Netta again.

At least—at least—I think not. I hope not. But last week, passing a little flower-girl in the Strand, near to the Savoy Hotel, and giving her some pennies, I saw the child's white cheeks flush suddenly, and her eyes look at me with a long, curious look which was trying to say something. Like an idiot, I thought she wanted more pennies, and gave her some, and passed on; though her flushed cheeks, and the dumb pain in her eyes as they gazed after me, hung in my mind for the rest of the day. Now a sudden dreadful idea has come into my brain, and I want to find that little flower-girl again.

THE END.



THE CONTEMPLATIVE ONE: Women are as deep as the blue waters of yonder bay.
THE DISAPPOINTED ONE: Quite—and as full of craft.

DRAWN BY TOM DAY.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

MR. EDALJI does not lack for well-known defenders. First among them comes Sir Arthur Doyle; a good second, Mr. Roger Dawson Yelverton, who defended him, and to whose "long, ceaseless, and will owe so much when the hour of

Sherlock Holmes Conan Yelverton, who defended unselfish exertions Edalji triumph comes"—so Sir Arthur. Mr. Yelverton has both an interesting family history and an interesting career. He is directly descended from the nineteenth Baron Grey de Ruthyn, and, indeed, is in the remainder to the title. He was not born to the name of Yelverton: his father's name was Roger Dawson, but he became a Yelverton in submission to the will of his maternal grandfather, Henry Yelverton, Earl of Sussex. Rugby and Oxford were responsible for his academical education, and his earlier practice as a barrister was on the South Eastern Circuit. Later he was for ten years Deputy Judge of West London County Courts, and for half that time Chancellor and Chief Justice of the Bahamas. He it was who headed and organised the

steamer by which he was travelling sank. He cut the portrait from its place in the boat. All day long they tossed upon the waves. At night they espied a ship, but no one save himself had a dry match with which to raise a signal. He had the only box available. His mother's portrait had kept it dry and so saved the lives of the survivors of the wreck.

Counsel for the Defence in the Thaw Trial.

Whatever be the issue of the Thaw trial in America, the family will feel satisfaction in having secured for the defence of the man accused of murder the most famous lawyer at the Criminal Bar of New York. Mr. Delphin Michael Delmas, who conducts the defence, is the same masterful, alert, untiring counsel who defended Molineux, and, after the latter had been condemned to death in the famous "poison-by-post" case, succeeded in getting him acquitted. The firm of which he is the head made twenty thousand



A STRENUOUS DEFENDER OF EDALJI:
MR. ROGER DAWSON YELVERTON.

Mr. Yelverton, the well-known lawyer who was for ten years Deputy Judge of West London County Courts, and for five years Chancellor and Chief Justice of the Bahamas, is one of Edalji's chief defenders. He it was who organised the memorial to the Home Secretary,

Photograph supplied by A. Elliot.

memorial to the Home Secretary in connection with the Edalji affair, and first reawakened interest in the case.

Signora Duse's Curious Fancies.

Signora Duse has a peculiar liking for scissors, and keeps a pair in every room, on every table, and in each of her pockets. Her reason for doing this is that she may be able to open at once the many parcels that she receives, for she says that nothing makes her so nervous or irritable as a parcel which she cannot open directly. Among Madame Duse's other fancies are a dislike of scents and the smell of flowers, and a great objection to gifts of jewellery. With the money that is spent on them she holds that a great many people might be made happy, so among the people to be made happy she evidently does not include jewellers.

His Third Premier.

Somebody used to speak of "the nicest King I have met." Mr. Colin Forbes, whose portrait of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman for the National Liberal Club is the talk of the hour, may with justification speak in the plural of the Prime Ministers, he has met and painted. Sir Henry is the third who has so honoured him. The first was Mr. Gladstone, whose portrait from Mr. Forbes's brush hangs at the same club to which "C.-B.'s" is to go. The second was Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of the Dominion, of which Mr. Forbes is himself a native. Moreover, he has had the honour of painting the King and Queen—for the Dominion House of Commons. Of British descent, he was born in Toronto. His first Atlantic trip was near to being his last. With him he brought a portrait of his mother. The



THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB'S PORTRAIT OF THE
PREMIER: MR. JOHN COLIN FORBES'S PAINTING OF
SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

Photograph of Mr. Forbes's Picture by Park.

the Hundred Years' War and the death of Marie Antoinette is equally clever when it comes to teething and convulsions—which shows how all round is the culture of the University. The idea came to its founder, Madame Adolphe Brisson, because she witnessed the decadence in hospitality. Women no longer yearn to preside at their own tables; they entertain their guests in the smartest restaurant.



RETAINED AT 100,000 DOLLARS TO DEFEND
MR. HARRY K. THAW: MR. DELMAS.

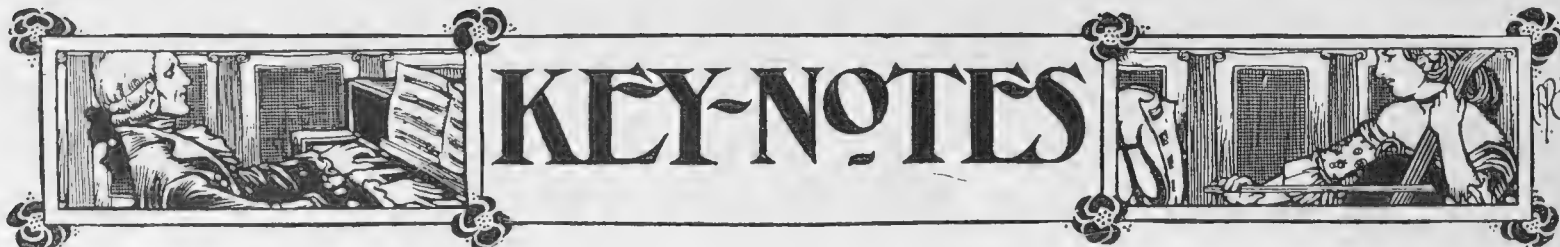
Mr. Delphin Michael Delmas is the most famous lawyer at the Criminal Bar of New York. He it was who defended Molineux in the famous "poison-by-post" case. The affair brought his firm the magnificent fee of £20,000, and much reputation.

Photograph by the Gilliams Press Syndicate.

pounds in hard cash out of that trial, and kudos inestimable. In the present case he has an extraordinary concatenation of interests involved. On this side the Atlantic he has the Earl and Countess of Yarmouth, the latter of whom is the sister of the accused man; and Mr. Carnegie, who is connected by marriage with the Thaw family. On the other side he has the wishes of a thousand-and-one noble philanthropies which the millionaire, William Thaw, of Pittsburg, father of the prisoner, established. Dr. Alexander Blair Thaw, one of the most gifted of modern poets, is a brother of the accused, and famous himself for philanthropic effort.

The Perfect Lady (How to Become).

How to become a perfect lady. One way is evidently to join the Ladies' University, which is the latest intellectual attraction of Paris. You may there learn, if you are in need of it, dear lady reader, the secret of feminine charm at the hands of the most expert professor. You will learn certainly the art of polite conversation—how to discourse pleasantly on politics, discreetly of history, and with quite a smattering of the arts. The science of pudding-making is not included, but baby's little ailments are. The lady who knows all about



MUSIC during the past week has been centred in the German Opera Season at Covent Garden, which commenced on the 14th, when Mr. Frank Rendle, together with the Winter German Opera Syndicate (Limited), presented "Die Meistersinger" for the initial performance. Herr Ernest Van Dyck is the general manager, and it has to be recorded that a most emphatic success was secured. Herr Leopold Reichwein, a young conductor of something under thirty, took the bâton, this,

we believe, being his first appearance in London. Let it be said at once, without any hesitation, that his results were magnificent. The orchestra, some eighty strong, is the London Symphony Orchestra, and right well did it respond to the bâton of its leader. The prelude to the third act was played with a poetry and a feeling which carried everything before it, and made one abandon oneself entirely to the emotion of the music. No less fine a rendering was given to the prelude to the first act, and when one says that the manner in which the work was put upon the stage seemed to fulfil all the Wagnerian traditions, higher praise cannot be given. Herr Fritz Feinhals took the part of Hans Sachs, and though, perhaps, not touching the dignity of Van Rooy, gave a most impressive performance. As Walther von Stolzing, Herr Kraus sang exceedingly well, and Herr Franz Adam's Beckmesser was a very fine piece of work; he did not exaggerate

in the least, but made the part seem quite reasonable. As David, Herr Hans Bussard was exceedingly good, singing with much brightness and merriment. In the part of Eva, Frau Bosetti sang very charmingly and Frau von Krauss-Osborne interpreted the rôle of Magdalene well, singing with a charming quality of voice which was wholly captivating. The chorus was in splendid form, and acted and sang with a delightful spontaneity.

On the second night of the season a performance of "Tristan und Isolde" was given, and it may be said that seldom has such a fine interpretation been presented at Covent Garden. On this occasion the orchestra was under the direction of Herr Arthur Nikisch, and the result of his work was superb; the band was subordinated in such a manner to the singers that no note from the stage was missed, and the story was told both from the stage and the orchestra with marvellous unity, and with an apparent ease which was a positive triumph for Nikisch. To listen to this music-drama conducted as it was on this occasion was to hear an artistic triumph which it would be impossible to surpass. Frau Litvinne took the part of Isolde magnificently; she never forced her voice, but sang throughout with a passion which made her interpretation quite ideal. Frau Marie Brema in the part of Brangäne was exceedingly good; she, too, sang with passion and a lack of self-consciousness quite unusual. In the part of Tristan Herr Van Dyck achieved a great success; he sang with a perfect sense of tune, and an abandon which showed him to be the fine artist we always knew him to be. He was at his best in the last act, when in tearing away the bandages from his wound he conveyed to his audience a sense of delirium through his fine singing.

At the Bechstein Hall last week, before a very large and enthusiastic audience, M. de Pachmann gave a Chopin Recital. We are all now quite accustomed to this pianist's little mannerisms, and how he likes to discuss details of his performance with his audience. The concert opened with a performance of the famous Sonata in B flat minor, and here it struck us that M. de Pachmann was not quite at his best; it seemed to us that his tempo was too slow, and that he over-emphasised his effects. A series of four preludes followed the sonata, and he played them all exceedingly well, with that lightness of touch for which he has so long been famous. M. de Pachmann also played the

Polonaise in E flat, a work very rarely heard on the platform, the Etude in G minor, and the Fantaisie-Impromptu in C sharp minor. As an encore, the pianist played Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso," thereby giving great pleasure to his audience.

A very fine performance of "Lohengrin" was given last week at the matinée, with Herr V. Herold in the title-part and Frau Aino Ackté as Elsa. It was altogether an admirable interpretation, with a freshness which made the opera seem quite modern. Herr Reichwein was the conductor, and under his bâton all the feeling and pathos which flow through the entire score were brought out to their fullest extent. The prelude to the first act received just the right amount of expression, the gradual crescendo and the return to pianissimo being realised by Herr Reichwein in magnificent style. As Elsa, Frau Ackté sang most sympathetically, her voice being remarkably pure and sweet. She looked the part, too, and acted with a dignity that was most captivating. Frau Marie Brema's Ortrud was again full of dignity and dramatic fire; while Herr Herold's Lohengrin was well sung, and he looked most romantic. He and Frau Ackté together made up a very charming picture. In the thankless part of Telramund, Herr Feinhals sang well; and it only remains to add that the chorus, which in this opera has a very difficult task, did ample justice to the music.

The performance of "Der Freischütz" the same evening, though an unqualified artistic success, did not seem to meet with much enthusiasm from the large audience present on this occasion. The orchestra was under the conductorship of Herr Arthur Nikisch, but in spite of this fact, the work was received with a coldness that was wholly astonishing. For our own part, we cannot understand it, as it seemed to us a very happy thought to include this opera, which has not been heard in London since 1894, in the productions given during this brief season at the Opera House. Fräulein Marcella Croft took the part of Agathe, and though she has a sweet voice, she seemed at times to lose control of it. As Aennchen, Frau Bosetti was exceedingly good; she has a full, rich voice, and knows how to use it to its full advantage. Herr Ernst Kraus was admirable in the part of Max, and Herr Allen C. Hinckley as Caspar showed himself to be the possessor of a fine voice. It is to be hoped that the management will see their way to giving another performance of "Der Freischütz."

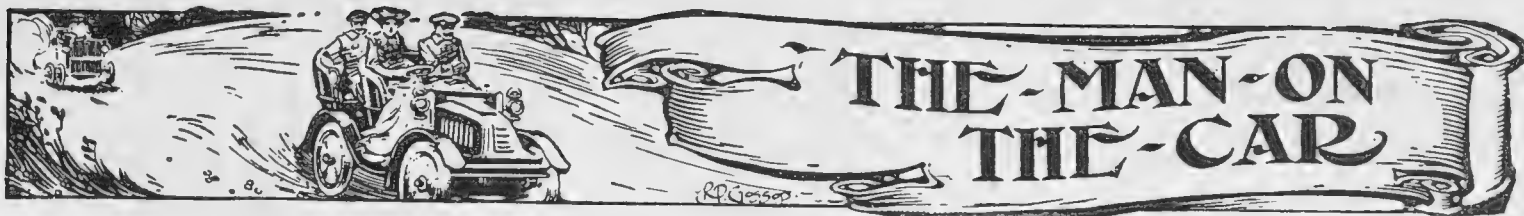


FRAU FELIA LITVINNE, WHO MADE A GREAT SUCCESS AS ISOLDE AT COVENT GARDEN THE OTHER DAY.

Frau Litvinne has had a most distinguished career on the operatic stage. She is a Russian; but her mother was a Canadian of an old French family. Her early childhood was spent in St. Petersburg; but she began her musical education in Paris. During the present German opera season she is also to appear as Venus in "Tannhäuser," and Brynhilde in "Die Walküre."

Photograph by Henri Manuel.

COMMON CHORD.



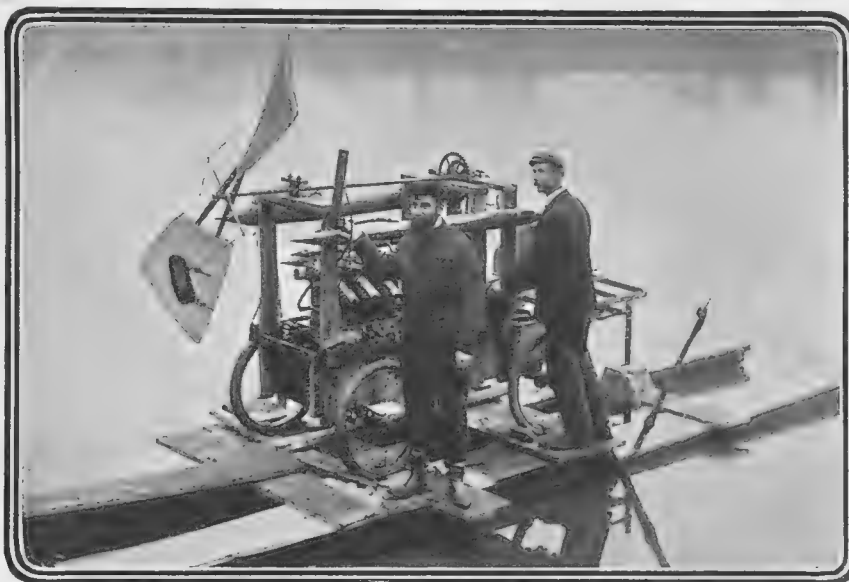
THE MARKETING OF THE MICHELIN RIM—A COACHBUILDER'S CAR FOR DENMARK—A TOURIST TROPHY RACE FOR HEAVIES—A SIMPLE TEST OF PETROL—60 MILES PER HOUR FOR 24 HOURS: WHAT WILL IT DEVELOP?—CAR INSURANCE: A REMINDER.

HAVING submitted their *jante amovible—Anglicé*, detachable rim—to long and strenuous tests, including all the big races of last year, Messrs. Michelin and Co. have decided to put it upon the market for the season of 1907. This most convenient method of making good a puncture will assuredly meet with great success, for a proved fitting of the kind is just the one thing needful to guarantee the automobile the punctuality of the railway train. In future, cars will be provided with suitable stowage for one or more Michelin detachable rims, with fully inflated covers *in situ*, so that the deflation of a running tyre, from puncture or any other cause, will not delay the motorist more than five minutes or so at the outside. It will be remembered that in the Grand Prix last year Sisz and his mechanic changed a Michelin rim and tyre in three minutes in full view of the grand stand.

The Morgan car is a vehicle designed and built by the motoring staff of those ancient and world-renowned coach-builders, Messrs. Morgan and Co., of 10, Old Bond Street, W., and Long Acre, who, livelier and keener than certain of their confrères in the coach-building business, decided that if the old order were passing away, they would go in for the new. The house do not content themselves with the building of motor-bodies—in which, by the way, they are excelled by none—but have decided to go the whole hog and supply the complete car, for which they can be entirely responsible. Count Knuth, of Knuthenborg, Denmark, is one of the most recent buyers of a Morgan car.

I am more than inclined to the opinion that the International Heavy Touring-Car Race, which is to be run immediately after the Tourist Trophy Race in the Isle of Man, will take a good deal of the wind out of the sails of the event for the lighter vehicles. Speaking personally, I regret this exceedingly, for if ever there was a good all-round, interesting sporting event, that event was the contest for the Tourist Trophy held last September. The race has caused the construction of a type of car which will shortly be in great demand among a very large class of people who will only use their motor-cars

that a densimeter, without which no motorist of the early days would stir a peg, is seldom, if ever, now included in the automobilist's kit. Although there is to-day no practical necessity for the portage of this instrument, yet it is well that some means of testing petrol purchased in out-of-the-way localities, or whenever



AN AERO-CATAMARAN MADE BY A FRENCH AERONAUT WHO WILL ATTEMPT TO FLY FROM MANCHESTER TO LONDON: THE BELLAMY MODEL ON THE LAKE AT WEYBRIDGE.

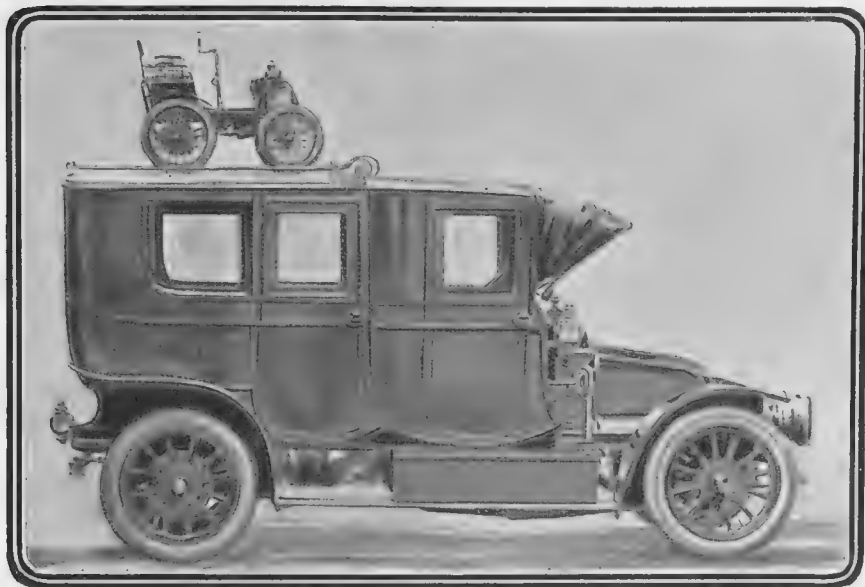
M. Bellamy, the inventor of the aero-catamaran here illustrated, is to attempt to win the £10,000 and other prizes offered for a flight from Manchester to London, and has made the apparatus shown to test the powers of various types of screw-propellers. It consists of the wheels and frame of a motor-car fixed to two slim punts. Above the car frame is a 50-h.p. motor, driving the five-foot propeller. During its first test, which took place on a private lake at Weybridge, it developed a speed of six or seven miles an hour. M. Bellamy hopes to attempt an actual flight in five or six weeks' time.

Photograph by Topical.

there is reason to suspect its quality, should be widely known. Such a method has just been ventilated by Dr. Dvorkvitz, the editor of the *Petroleum Review*. This test consists of pouring a little of the suspected spirit upon a piece of blotting-paper, and watching to see if it evaporates without leaving any trace of grease. If it does this, it is good enough for use with an internal-combustion engine, and no one need worry about its specific gravity.

The proposal to drive a car for twenty-four hours at an average speed of sixty miles per hour on the Brooklands Automobile Track, which is now approaching completion, has, as my readers know, been caught up in a sporting sense by Mr. Charles Jarrott. Apart from the interest which is bound to be felt in a tussle of the kind between two such old racing rivals as S. F. Edge and Jarrott, I do not fancy that the drive, at whatever speed it may be carried out, will teach us anything particularly new with regard to cars. Mr. Edge seems to think that there may be developments of an unexpected character in connection with lubrication and cooling; but if an internal-explosion engine will run satisfactorily for two hours, the same system of oiling and cooling will keep it running for twenty-four, particularly on a smooth, prepared track. I have but little fear about the machine; it's the man who will crack.

Let car-owners who are in the habit of leaving their cars in public or hotel garages for longer or shorter periods have a care that their car-insurance policy covers the risk of fire under such circumstances. Garage proprietors generally carry an embracing policy up to a certain amount, but at busy periods that amount is frequently largely exceeded by the gross value of cars in garage at the time. The writer has estimated the value of cars stored during one particular night at a medium-sized garage at the West End at over £10,000, when the garage policy covered only some £3000.



SPEED IN 1898 AND IN 1907—A REMARKABLE COMPARISON IN DIAGRAM FORM.

Our illustration is designed to show in diagram form the wonderful growth in the speed of pleasure motor-cars between 1898 and the present time. The smaller car represents the average speed of the first Renault—a 1½-h.p. car built in 1898; the larger car, the speed of a present-day 35-h.p. Renault, a triumph of the recent Paris Salon.

as traps and dogcarts are used to-day. Good results as the race for the heavies may produce, the sporting interest will assuredly remain with the light brigade.

The anxiety as to the quality of petrol has, in these days of sealed cans and atomising carburetters, died down considerably, so

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE GRAND NATIONAL—ECONOMY—THE BETTING BILL.

I CAN hardly bring myself to think that his Majesty will win the Grand National with Flaxman, who has been thrown up for a couple of years owing to an accident; yet there is no knowing quite what Mr. Lushington can do with an animal, once the latter is sound. He trained Ambush II. all right, and it may be that Flaxman is fit again. If so, he will not want for backing. You may remember that I stood Ambush II. when he won, and also for the race in which he fell at the very last fence, much to my disappointment, as I had been told that he could not lose. Indeed, if he had only managed to fall over the fence I really believe he would have got up again and won. I had the chance of buying two horses that afterwards won the Grand National. I refer to Gamecock and Manifesto. The first-named used to run in selling-races, invariably pulled up lame, and went through the sale-ring with hardly a bid for him. He went at one pace from start to finish, and seldom fell, although I saw him come a terrible purler at Sandown once. He was often sent five-mile gallops in his work, and he once broke the heart of a horse told off to lead him on the training-ground.

Owners are learning a lesson. They no longer enter their horses for the fun of the thing, and a good job too. In the bad old days, the gambling division entered fat horses, and sent them out to get weight off; but nowadays the handicappers are too wide to be caught by chaff of this sort. Luckily, a handicapper has to be present at every race-meeting just to see what's what, and the result is, condition counts in future events—that is to say, fit horses are not let down in the weights as they used to be. The public gain more than they lose over the smallness of the entries nowadays, as most of the horses

from the tapes at Goodwood; but that gentleman is not likely to repeat the experiment. However, some particularly exasperating accidents happen even to professional backers at times. One of the fraternity backed a horse for the Oaks some years back; the horse went off colour on the way to the post, and the backer dropped the best part of £8000.

The passing of the Street Betting Bill seems to have killed the pavement bookie; but betting does go on all the same, and when the flat season commences I expect matters will right themselves somewhat. In the meantime, good gates are recorded from all the race-meetings, and it behoves those in authority to see that the cheap rings are large enough to accommodate the increased numbers. Further, the ring-keepers must be told to have a keen eye on welshers and pickpockets. I think the time has arrived for the introduction of the cheap-trip system on the Southern lines. Two shillings should be quite enough for a return ticket to either Sandown, Kempton, Hurst Park, Epsom, Gatwick, or Lingfield, and not more than five shillings return ought to be charged for Newmarket. Given, in addition, a quick service of trains, the plan could be made to pay

well. It has been done by the Northern lines for many years past. Why not run mixed trains in the South, first and third class only, as is done from Liverpool to Aintree? By the barrier system, the classes are kept quite distinct, and the service is worked with a clock-like regularity. One thing is certain—the expenses of attending race-meetings will have to be materially lessened to suit the pockets of the newcomers. I am not sure that a universal shilling gate at all the enclosed meetings would not answer



A SNOW-BALL BATTLE BETWEEN FORCES COMMANDED BY A BRITISH GENERAL AND A LEADER OF TARIFF REFORM: THE ATTACKING ARMY ADVANCING.

The fight took place recently at Adelboden during a snowstorm. One force was commanded by a British General; the other, by Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, the well-known newspaper proprietor and Tariff Reformer. In the photograph here given, Mr. Pearson's army is shown occupying its trenches, while the enemy is advancing uphill against the right of the position.

Photograph by William E. Hoy.



THE TURNING MOVEMENT.

A SNOW-BALL BATTLE BETWEEN FORCES COMMANDED BY A BRITISH GENERAL AND A LEADER OF TARIFF REFORM.

Photographs by William E. Hoy.



THE FINAL CHARGE.

engaged are intended, bar accident, to run. What is more, the public have a habit of picking out the winners of the big handicaps very often simply because they follow form, and form is frequently borne out by the results, which is proof positive that very little swindling goes on in racing under the present rules. Many of the professional backers have at last learned the lesson never to lay odds on a horse and never to back an unreliable animal. It may not be generally known that one big plunger lost £10,000 through laying the odds on Black Arrow when the colt failed to get away

well. Anyway, clerks of courses should approach the new order of things with an open mind and sink the old prejudices against the need of sport for the masses. It is the gallery that it pays to cater for at all games. There is force in numbers and there are millions in catering for the crowd. Bookmakers cannot live by appealing to empty benches, neither can racecourse shareholders.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's Monday "Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

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CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 29.

STOCKS, MONEY, AND OTHER THINGS.

THE Bank Return showed such a marked increase in the Reserve and in coin and bullion that the directors could hardly do other than reduce the rate; but the sky is not so clear from a monetary point of view as, perhaps, it looks, and especially is this the case in New York; while the Bank of France has, at the very time our minimum has been lowered, raised its charge for loans from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 per cent.

It seems to us that the outlook is promising for a steady cheapening of money, but that any sudden glut is neither to be expected nor hoped for, while as for any early return to the days when the official minimum was $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. for months at a time, there is no chance of such a thing while trade in nearly all branches is as active as it is at present.

Many of our readers have asked us when the scheme of the Argentine Land and Investment Company is to be carried out, and the funding bonds for the arrears of Preference dividend are to be issued. We are officially informed that the scheme is now effective, and that the scrip due to each shareholder will be posted on the 25th inst. As to what the market value of the funding bonds may be it is difficult to judge, especially as at first there are sure to be a number of people anxious to realise. In our opinion the intrinsic value should be about 15s. in the pound, or say £75 per £100 stock, and shareholders would do well not to be eager sellers until the market has settled down to some such price.

HOME RAILS.

The dividends and reports so far issued have not done much to help Home Rails, and at the time of writing the market here (with the assistance of depression in New York) is in an unhappy condition. The most persistent optimist can hardly find much comfort in the Metropolitan report, which was certainly worse than the dealers expected. The published traffics showed a decline of about £56,000 for the half-year, but it now appears that the actual loss in receipts amounts to over £100,000, and the discrepancy will require considerable explanation. Not only is the dividend reduced from $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., but the carry forward is also less by £5000. If we were considering a line whose gross takings ran into millions such a falling off as the Metropolitan has suffered from would not, perhaps, be very serious; but the system is a small one, and the total receipts only reach £343,000. There is a good deal of talk of competition with the motor-omnibus, but 685,000 more passengers were carried, and produced £40,000 less money; while the goods decrease is about £54,500, and these figures are not easy to reconcile with the excuse which the directors put forward.

The South Eastern and Chatham statement is not so bad as that of the Metropolitan, although the available balance is down by £4000 on a gross of £929,000. It is probable that the dividend on South Eastern Ordinary can be maintained at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and that the full amount will be paid on the Chatham Arbitration Preference.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Moralising upon bills in particular and finance in general, the philosopher will, if he smoke long enough, come at length to the brilliantly original conclusion that all that glitters is not gold. Of course it is not. Bank-notes, cheques, share-certificates (of some sorts!), bonds, and a good many other things besides gold have the same glittering attraction. But from bank-notes of one pound each, Sir Felix, we pray you will deliver us. You want to build up a gold reserve—a most excellent and necessary thing. But supposing the notes to be only issued against gold, the gold must be bottled up, not to be touched, ear-marked for account of the dirty, microby bits of paper. Your currency is rendered no whit the more elastic: you are not a penny better off at times of crisis. Salvation must come in some way other than through the manufacture of unwanted one-pound notes.

A thoughtful friend of mine in the House advocates this policy: He would have the Government tell the banks that though they (the banks) are not allowed to issue notes of any sort, yet by the enormous business done by the agency of cheques, the prohibition about notes is, for all practical uses, avoided, the cheques answering a purpose which notes might otherwise have to serve. The evasion, he thinks, deserves the attention of the Government, inasmuch as it suggests a plan for the establishment of a gold reserve in the shape of a small tax upon all cheques cleared. Some very slight percentage would in a few years result in the formation of a constantly increasing reserve, to be kept in gold, available at times of stress and crisis at the option of the Governor of the Bank of England and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as the suspension of the Bank Act is now. It is commonly supposed that at the time of the Baring crisis the then Governor of the Bank was walking about with the right to suspend the Bank Act in his coat-pocket, but that circumstances did not come to that particular head—though very near it—which the Governor and the Chancellor of the Exchequer had agreed they must reach before the suspension was launched, and the issue of notes, without being earmarked by gold, permitted. The Bank of England has the right to issue notes to the value of sixteen millions sterling without having gold in reserve against it, a right which is, of course, exercised, although the actual figures may differ slightly from time to time. But—to get back to the muttons—whether the banks would not make a tremendous outcry against any such tax as that suggested it is not for me to guess. The thing is that something must be done, and the sooner the better. If a means for building this reserve cannot be devised by the clever financiers who conduct our banking system, the sooner we get a live Chancellor the better.

Not that money matters much, after all, nowadays. I know a fellow, just come of age, who is a plumber's "mate," working, perhaps, four or five days a week for a wage of something like a sovereign. He grew dissatisfied with a good home, and, being engaged to a girl, he decided to marry. They took a "flat," as he called a couple of rooms at Fulham—with much enthusiastic pride he

told me—bought ten pounds' worth of furniture on the hire system, payments to be made of two-and-six a week. And there his recital stumbled. "Well?" I said. "And I've come to ask," he blurted out, "whether you'll lend me three pounds to pay for the wedding-ring and the curtains!"

One begins to look with more than a little concern at the progress of affairs in the Yankee Market. After being bullish for a year or more, the close observer may be pardoned if he ventures to suggest great caution in dealing with American shares. There are millions of pounds sterling lent upon securities in the market, and the prospect of a severe slump arouses the wonder whether such a movement would not prove itself a very serious thing. People have made much money out of Americans, and the prosperity of the United States is still strongly marked; but, supposing the people who hold the big lines of stock find themselves unable to get the money they might be called upon to find in the event of an all-round fall, say, of 20 per cent. upon the value of the shares, what would happen then? I do think that we have reached a point which for the Yankee Market may be critical, and at the risk of appearing a pessimist, I would hold out a humble word of warning to those with interests in this department. Conceivably, the danger may be less than one imagines. I sincerely hope that this will prove to be the case, for a smash in Americans would unsettle a dozen other markets.

The mention of America reminds me of Brazil. I have a friend in a well-known city—hundreds of miles from Rio—who is representing a leading firm of English manufacturers. He writes to say that the language spoken is Portuguese, but that the catalogues sent by his firm are all printed in English, while the instructions for the native workmen arrive in Spanish! And some people say it is our Free Trade which gives our competitors such an advantage!

Quite good authority—declaring that Vaal River shares are not worth their current quotation—assures me that these gambling counters will go many pounds a share higher.

Every now and then apprehension is aroused amongst holders of Broken Hill shares because of rumours as to a fire having occurred in this mine or that. So far as I can ascertain, there is always a fire burning in one or the other property, but it can generally be held in check with ease. Barrier shares should not be sold. Broken Hill Proprietaries are cheap at anything like $5\frac{1}{2}$, and the Broken Hill South has been described to me as "not a mine; it's an absolute quarry." That is why I bought a few, and took them up.

Under the new Act for stamping out the payment of secret commissions, a stockbroker's liability, in cases where he gives half-commission, requires a legal decision to settle. Where brokers deal for banks they put on their contracts, now, a line saying that the commission is divided with the bankers. What should be done where solicitors are concerned is the debatable point. The Stock Exchange Committee have been appealed to, but they decline to say anything. Nor will they seek counsel's opinion, because they say that one opinion would not suffice, and that several would in all probability differ. They admit their intention of waiting for a judicial decision. Who is the broker public-spirited enough to bell the cat for the benefit of his fellow-members? The jobbers will await the reply with much disinterested interest.

Just outside the House a man stopped him, and evidently begged for money. He turned away with a refusal and gesture of impatience. One of the practical jokers in the Kaffir Circus saw, and noticed that the man did not pursue. He took up the running himself. Keeping carefully behind the other member, he poured forth into his ear a pitiful tale of domestic distress, of poverty, of all the harrowing details he could lay tongue to. The other man, without looking round, quickened his step, but without avail: he could not throw off the "beggar." Over Threadneedle Street, across by the Royal Exchange, up the steps of that building, the pair went, until at last the victim, highly exasperated, could stand it no longer. "If you don't take yourself off," he shouted, and—turned round, to see the other exploding with mirth. In which, methinks, I hear him joined by a merry chuckle, if there be any readers left to

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, Jan. 19, 1907.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor,"
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

CAP.—As to Grand Trunk, we expect an increase in April. As to De Beers, the answer to your first question is "Yes"; and to the second, we hope for 20s. or more.

T. J.—All four quite safe.

W. A.—You had better hold, at any rate to see what cheaper money will do to help you.

F. E. P., J. E., and J. M.—Your letters have been answered fully.

LAND SHARE.—See this week's "Notes."

LIEUTENANT.—We have no means of forming an opinion on the reliability of any particular Building Society. If you will send us the last published accounts, we will consider them and tell you what we think. The price of the Brewery shares and Debentures we shall have to obtain for you.

S. H. B.—The *Mining World*.

WILLIE.—The information at our disposal as to the Diamond Shares is by no means great, but does not make us think over well of them.

F. H. S.—The shares are 5s., having been reduced from 20s. to that nominal value. We gave the tip as a market one. It is said the Company is steadily improving its position and doing well.

CANNON.—Neither of the shares can be called safe. The Hotel may probably improve. As to the other concern, we have no faith in it or the financial methods of its directors. About the Paper Mills we would rather not advise.

NOBODY.—We have no room to write argumentative answers. Lancefields may well go higher. We still think well of Nitrate Trust, although we did not advise people to apply when the issue was made. You have not lost much by the deal.

J. N. K.—You may hold both mines as speculative investments, but you would do well to keep touch with the reports, and if mining developments are unfavourable, clear out. Mining shares are not things to sleep upon.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

There should be good sport at Lingfield, where the following should run well—Blindley Steeplechase, Nonex; Stayers' Hurdle, Liza Johnson; New Year's Steeplechase, Canary II.; Holly Steeplechase, Abelard; Newleaf Hurdle, Apple; Harkover Steeplechase, Orpington; Eden Hurdle, Rosebury; Weald Steeplechase, Kozak; Sussex Hurdle, Young Americus; Tower Steeplechase, Seymour; Tandridge Court Hurdle, Buckfast; Hammerwood Steeplechase, Heatree. The racing at Kempton will be of good class. I fancy the following: Kempton Park Hurdle, Adelia; Littleton Steeplechase, Lord Cork; Paddock Steeplechase, Do Be Quick; Middlesex Hurdle, Kilglass; January Steeplechase, Aerostat; Hanworth Hurdle, Cossack Post; Coventry Steeplechase, Judas; Egham Hurdle, Round Dance.

